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# ELH

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# *ELH*

## *A Journal of English Literary History*

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VOLUME TWENTY-TWO MARCH, 1955 NUMBER ONE

# THE TRAGEDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S BRUTUS

By ERNEST SCHANZER

While Shakespeare's Cassius, Caesar, and Antony owe little to their prototypes in Plutarch and are largely independent creations, his Brutus is substantially Plutarch's Brutus. Yet even here, for all that makes Brutus a *dramatic* character as distinct from a copy-book hero, his divided mind, his self-deception, his final tragic disillusion, Shakespeare received no hints from Plutarch.

It is a mistake to see Brutus as the unworldly scholar, blind to political realities, devoid of a knowledge of life as distinct from letters, called from his books to assume a task for which he is not fitted. This view was dear to Romantic critics, who liked to present this phantom Brutus as Shakespeare's first sketch in preparation for their phantom Hamlet. Shakespeare shows Brutus to be a bad judge of character, but as by no means devoid of political shrewdness and practical wisdom. For instance, in Plutarch it is Antony who suggests that Caesar's " body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise." (*Brutus*, p. 136-7).[1] Shakespeare transfers the argument to Brutus, making him declare:

[1] All page-references are to *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, ed. Tucker Brooke, 2 vol., in the *Shakespeare's Library* series.

> What Antony shall speak, I will protest
> He speaks by leave and by permission,
> And that we are contented Caesar shall
> Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
> It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
> (2. 1. 239)

That Shakespeare regarded the argument as by no means " fatuous," as one critic calls it, but as shrewd practical politics, is shown by his putting a variation of it a few years later into the mouth of his arch-politician Claudius:

> the people muddied,
> Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
> For good Polonius' death—and we have done but greenly
> In hugger-mugger to inter him. (4. 5. 80 ff.)

(The " hugger-mugger " shows that Shakespeare had that very passage from Plutarch at the back of his mind when writing these lines, a striking example of how North's more vivid idioms were garnered up in the poet's memory, to be brought out when some similarity of situation recalled them.) Brutus' advice is in itself sound enough and would have justified itself with anyone except Antony, whom he so fatally misjudges.

Again, I cannot agree with critics who speak of Brutus' oration as an example of his political naiveté, of the scholar's inability to understand the emotions of the mob, or to present his case effectually. It seems to me, on the contrary, an extremely shrewd and highly effective piece of oratory. In his soliloquy Brutus can find nothing with which to reproach Caesar except his desire for the crown. The murder is in his eyes purely preventive, designed to protect the commonwealth from the kind of person Caesar is likely to become on his assumption of greater powers. To win the support of a mob clamouring for satisfaction with no better arguments to justify the murder of their hero is clearly no simple matter. How does Brutus achieve it? He begins by subtly, unobtrusively flattering his audience. The very fact that he does not talk down to them, will not speak their language, as Antony does, is a compliment to their intelligence to which they will respond. And even if they cannot quite follow him in his clipped, carefully patterned sentences, they can at least make

out that the noble Brutus asks them to respect his honour, to censure him in their wisdom, to be his judges. Nothing could be more flattering except Brutus' next suggestion, that among them there may be a dear friend of Caesar's. They find themselves made the equals and companions of Brutus even in friendship with Caesar. Then comes the assertion, true as we know it to be, but therefore none the less effective, that only a superior love for his country made him slay his dearest friend. Still no charge has been brought against Caesar. Then suddenly the question is sprung on them: " Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? " That the alternative may be quite fictitious will not occur to the crowd under the influence of Brutus' oratory. At last an accusation is brought forward, but one of the vaguest and most general sort: Caesar was ambitious. And at once, before they have time to ask for evidence, there follows the series of rhetorical questions which so ingeniously forestall any objections from his audience:

> Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. (3. 2. 30 ff.)

Nothing could be more skilful. He has brought only the vaguest charge against Caesar and yet effectively blocked all further questions from the crowd, shown himself the saviour of his country, and gained the love and admiration of the people. The speech is kept as short as possible, so that detailed accusations would seem out of place, and, in closing, the people are hurriedly referred for facts to the records in the Capitol, with a final display of fairmindedness: " The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death." Brutus concludes with a parting glance at the benefit which the people will derive from Caesar's death, and with an expression of his willingness to die for his country. The whole speech is as shrewdly contrived and, as the response of the people shows, quite as effective as Antony's. And Brutus' is really the far more difficult task. For he has to defend the

murder of " the foremost man of all this world " on a charge which he cannot substantiate. All that Antony needs to do is to discredit Brutus' allegation of Caesar's ambition in order to nullify his entire argument. And after this he can proceed to throw doubt on the motives of the conspirators. The fact that all that Brutus says appears to him strictly true and is sincerely felt in no way lessens the extraordinary skill of the speech.

At other times in the play, too, Brutus does not show himself devoid of practical wisdom. The reasons he gives for marching to Philippi may be mistaken, but they certainly show no lack of an eye for the expedient and politic. Altogether, I think we must banish the myth of the unpractical dreamer from our estimation of Brutus' character.

It would seem that just as in Hamlet Shakespeare represents the Renaissance ideal of the encyclopaedic man, the " uomo universale," in Brutus he represents the ideal of the harmonious man, whose gentleness, courtesy, and love of music all bear witness to his " well-tempered " nature. It is to this quality in him that Antony pays his final tribute:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world " This was a man." (5. 5. 73 ff.)

Yet both Hamlet and Brutus are depicted from their first appearance as wrenched from their ordinary selves, steeped in melancholy, so that their normal nature is largely veiled from us, and is chiefly glimpsed through the tribute of others, an Antony or an Ophelia. Brutus, the harmonious man, is ironically shown to us throughout the first half of the play rent by discordant emotions, and later, in the quarrel-scene, " like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Of the civil war in Brutus, resulting from the conflict between personal and political loyalties, we learn upon his first appearance, when he speaks to Cassius of " poor Brutus with himself at war," and of his being vexed " of late with passions of some difference " (i. e. with conflicting emotions). It is echoed and amplified by the tempests that precede the assassination and which appear to Casca to spring from " civil strife in heaven "

(1. 3. 11). And finally, in fulfilment of Antony's terrible prophecy, the civil war spreads from microcosm and macrocosm to the body politic, finding its culmination at Philippi and its reflection even in the quarrel-scene between Brutus and Cassius. Brutus' inner conflict continues until the assassination, taking on a nightmare quality, and somewhat altering its nature. For while the earlier conflict seems caused mainly by rival loyalties, by warring principles, after Brutus' decision is reached it is the deed itself, now presenting itself to his imagination in all its stark horror, that causes his feelings to rebel against the decision which his intellect has made. This, I take it, is the meaning of the much disputed

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion all the interim is
> Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
> The Genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council, and the state of man
> Like to a little kingdom suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection. (2. 1. 63 ff.)

While his mind considers the various possible ways of carrying out the murder (pictured as a council meeting between man's presiding genius, his intellect, and the mortal instruments, the means of bringing about the death), his instincts and passions are revolting against the decision of their ruler. Brutus finds himself no longer in a state of civil war, where rival principles, each with their army of followers, are engaging in battle, but in a state of insurrection, in which his whole instinctive, emotional, and imaginative being rises in revulsion against the decision which his intellect has made. His gentle, frank, and generous nature is in revolt not only against the deed itself, but against the whole conspiracy with all the secrecy, hypocrisy, and deceitfulness that it entails. This is how he greets Lucius' announcement of the arrival of his fellow-conspirators:

> They are the faction. O conspiracy,
> Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
> When evils are most free? O, then, by day
> Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
> To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy,
> Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. (2. 1. 77 ff.)

To save himself from these nightmare realizations he plunges headlong into self-deception. In his soliloquy he has just acquitted Caesar of all high-handed, tyrannical acts:

And, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. (2. 1. 19 ff.)

A little later, in the company of the conspirators, he tries to work himself up into a conviction that Caesar is already a full-blown tyrant.[2]

No. Not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. (2. 1. 114 ff.)

Caesar here is no longer the serpent's egg of his soliliquy, nor Flavius' young hawk whose growing feathers must be plucked betimes (1. 1. 75 ff.), but a full grown falcon, scouring for prey.

Like Othello, Brutus tries to free himself both from the guilt and from the sheer physical horror of the murder by adopting a ritualistic and an aesthetic attitude towards it.

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully.
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds. (2. 1. 172 ff.)

Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. (5. 2. 3 ff.)

Both these " honourable murderers " picture the deed as an act of sacrifice. " Let us be sacrificers but not butchers, Caius." It is not a husband murdering his wife, not a friend murdering his " best lover " and benefactor; they are " purgers, not mur-

[2] This element of self-delusion in Brutus has already been pointed out by Sir Mark Hunter, *Trans. Royal Soc. Lit.*, X (1931), pp. 136 ff., and by Mr. J. I. M. Stewart in his *Character and Motive in Shakespeare*, pp. 51 ff.

derers." "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul." Caesar must be killed beautifully, ceremonially.

The ritualistic bathing of their hands in Caesar's blood, suggested by Brutus after the murder, carries this further, and, incidentally, fulfils Calpurnia's prophetic dream.

> Stoop, Romans, stoop,
> And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
> Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords. (3. 1. 106 ff.)

But, ironically, the action suggests another ritual, far removed from that which Brutus has in mind, the custom of huntsmen at the kill to steep their hands in the blood of their victim. It is to this bloody rite that Antony refers:

> Here wast thou bayed, brave hart,
> Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
> Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy lethe. (3. 1. 204 ff.)

"Lethe," as Capell informs us, is "a term used by hunters to signify the blood shed by a deer at its fall, with which it is still a custom to mark those who come in at the death."[3] Whereas Brutus pictures to himself the murder as a ceremonial slaying of the sacrificial beast on the altar of the commonweal, Antony sees it as the bloody slaughter of the noble stag, the King of the Forest, for the sake of his spoil. For under cover of the metaphor Antony can dare to accuse the conspirators to their face of killing Caesar for the sake of plunder, the other significance of "spoil." But fearing he has gone too far he at once insinuates a piece of flattery, as is his wont throughout this scene:

> How like a deer strucken by many princes
> Dost thou here lie. (3. 1. 209-210)

But from Antony's soliloquy we realize that even the hunting-metaphor was a form of flattery. "O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, / That I am meek and gentle with these butchers." It is an ironic comment on Brutus' illusions and his "Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius." The assassination turns into something very different from a ritual

[3] *Apud Variorum* edition of "Julius Caesar," p. 155.

slaying. Plutarch mentions that " divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves strking one body with so many blows " (*Caesar*, p. 102). Shakespeare makes Antony allude to this in the " flyting " scene at Philippi, when he speaks of how the conspirators' " vile daggers hacked one another in the sides of Caesar." It is not a very pretty picture. Nor does the reality of Caesar's body " marred with traitors " bear much relation to Brutus' aesthetic vision. Disconcerting to Brutus' illusions is also the conspirators' flattery of Caesar, which makes the latter speak of Metellus' " spaniel-fawning," and threaten to spurn him like a cur out of his way. It is not as priests officiating at a sacrifice that the conspirators are here seen, not even as hunters, but as hounds that fawn upon their victim before tearing it to pieces. It is to this image that Antony returns in the " flyting " scene, when he accuses them of having " fawned like hounds," " whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind, / Struck Caesar on the neck." (5. 1. 41 ff.) On one other occasion in the play Antony uses a metaphor from the hunt. In his soliloquy he envisages the war of revenge as a savage hunting scene in which this time the conspirators are the quarry, no quarter is given, and Caesar's ghost acts as the chief huntsman:

> And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Até by his side come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> Cry " Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war. (3. 1. 270 ff.)

This whole complex of hunting-metaphors was probably set off in the poet's mind by Plutarch's description of Caesar as " hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters." (*Caesar*, p. 101-2.)

The need for self-deception, which drives Brutus to picture Caesar as a dangerous tyrant and to visualize his murder as a sacrificial rite, makes him afterwards try to persuade himself that they have done a benefit not only to their country but to Caesar himself. He eagerly takes up Casca's

> Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
> Cuts off so many years of fearing death,

exclaiming,

> Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
> So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
> His time of fearing death. (3. 1. 102 ff.)

In his soliloquy we find Brutus engaged in a more subtle form of self-deception in the attempt to still his inner conflict. We are not here watching an act of choice. The choice has already been made, as the opening line makes us realize: " It must be by his death." (2. 1. 10). How Brutus arrived at this absolute " must " we are never shown. It would seem that Shakespeare wishes us to feel that the decision had nothing to do with reason and logic, that he has somehow fallen victim to Cassius' powers of persuasion without being able to accept his arguments or to share his motives. What we are watching in the soliloquy is Brutus's attempt to defend his decision before the court of his conscience. The rhythm of the verse, the disjointed sentences, the diction in such lines as " and since the quarrel / Will bear no colour for the thing he is / Fashion it thus," brings out the anxious groping for some plausible justification for the deed. Caesar's desire for the crown does not in itself appear sufficient cause to Brutus. Shakespeare's Brutus is by no means a doctrinaire republican, in contrast to the Brutus of Plutarch, who reproaches Cicero for favouring Octavius Caesar, declaring, " For our predecessors would never abide to be subject to any Master, how gentle or mild soever they were." (*Brutus*, p. 141.) Cassius' denunciation of the rule of a single man, and his reference to Lucius Brutus, who " would have brooked / Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome / As easily as a king " (1. 2. 159 ff.), whatever their emotional impact, have not swayed Brutus' reason. His opposition to kingship rests on his fears of the corrupting effect of power, not on the nature of its office. " He would be crowned: / How that might change his nature, there's the question." (2. 1. 12-13) It is startling to find Brutus in the remainder of his soliloquy speak of Caesar as if he were still at the beginning of his career, to hear him talk of " the bright day that brings forth the adder," of " young ambition's ladder," of Caesar as a serpent's egg. Like the reference to his " lowliness " it is wildly out of

keeping with the impression of Caesar that we gather in the course of the play. It would seem that, finding nothing in the mere fact of kingship, nor anything in Caesar's past behaviour to justify the assassination, Brutus deludes himself by vastly exaggerating the gap that separates the present from the future Caesar, between the power wielded by the dictator and by the imaginary king. Once this position is taken up Brutus has no difficulty in advancing a logical argument for the assassination, and in this he is helped by his metaphor. It suggests the justification for the preventive murder, since it implies that, just as the adder, once hatched, is a menace that can no longer be controlled, so Caesar, once crowned, would be out of reach of the assassins' daggers. To safeguard the commonwealth he must therefore be destroyed while he is still accessible, even though there is the possibility that the egg may hatch a dove and not a serpent. The argument is quite cogent and contains no confusion, as some critics have claimed. But it is founded on self-deception.

By thus putting the justification for the murder on a pragmatic basis Brutus is laying the foundation for his later tragedy. Had he been a doctrinaire republican and murdered Caesar to save the republic from kingship he would have been safe, if not from inner conflicts, at least from tragic disillusion. For his purpose would have been accomplished. But by justifying the deed to himself and others on the grounds of " pity to the general wrong of Rome " (3. 1. 171), the wrong that Caesar may commit in the future, he put himself at the mercy of events. For it is only by establishing a government under which the people suffer less wrong than they would have done under Caesar's rule that the murder can, to Brutus, be justified. And what are in fact its consequences as they are depicted in the play? They are adumbrated in Antony's prophecy: " Domestic fury and fierce civil strife / Shall cumber all the parts of Italy." " All pity choked with custom of fell deed . . . " (3. 1. 263 ff.) It is a grim comment on Brutus' words in the same scene:

> And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
> As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
> Hath done this deed on Caesar. (3. 1. 171 ff.)

In the succeeding scenes we find Antony translating his prophecy into fact. We see the domestic fury unchained by him tearing up the harmless Cinna, and in the next scene observe the regime that has been established in Rome in the place of Caesar's: callous, cold-blooded, and ruthless. The blood-bath of the triumvirs contrasts with Caesar's scrupulous and unselfish administration of justice of which we get glimpses in his " What touches us ourself shall be last served " (3. 1. 8), and his behaviour over the repeal of the banishment of Cimber. News reaches Brutus that seventy senators, including Cicero, have been put to death. His wife has committed suicide. And, to cap it all, his own cause has been tarnished by Cassius' corrupt practices. These are the fruits of the assassination. Instead of benefiting his country Brutus has, from the best of motives and the highest of principles, plunged it into ruin. This is one of the great ironies in a play full of ironic touches.

The action of " Julius Caesar " thus conforms to Aristotle's conception of " peripeteia," an ironic turn of events which makes an action have the very opposite effects of those intended. It is found with varying degrees of prominence in all of Shakespeare's mature tragedies.

An understanding of the nature of Brutus' tragedy also helps us to comprehend why Shakespeare depicted Caesar as he did. Had he made him a full-blown tyrant, in the manner of Lucan, there would have been no tragedy lying in wait for Brutus. Had he made him a wholly admirable figure, in the manner of Orosius, Brutus' tragedy would have been more like that of Othello, showing Brutus murdering his " best lover," misled by Cassius' Iago-like machinations, and the later terrible realization of what he has done. By depicting Caesar as he does Shakespeare takes Brutus' tragedy out of the field of personal relations into that of public life. Unlike the Brutus in " Caesar's Revenge," which, as I have argued elsewhere,[4] was probably one of the chief formative influences upon Shakespeare's play, the Shakespearean Brutus is not shown at the end of the play as tortured by memories of the murder of his friend and benefactor. His torments, as far as we can judge, result rather from the realization of the kind of world which he has helped to

[4] *Notes and Queries*, New Series, vol. I, No. 5 (1954).

bring into being. His " best lover " is not really Caesar, or Portia, still less Cassius, but the " res publica." It is her image which has become for him " begrim'd and black " since she has gone a whoring with Antony and been besmirched by Cassius' corruption. The most tragic emotion that any of Shakespeare's characters experience is that expressed in Othello's

> But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
> Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
> The fountain from the which my current runs,
> Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
> Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
> To knot and gender in! (4. 2. 57 ff.)

For Othello and Troilus it is a woman, for Timon friendship, for Brutus the Republic, but the experience is much the same in all these cases. It is this tragic realization which seems to me implicit in the quarrel-scene, and which vents itself in Brutus' passionate outbursts, and in the harshness and bitterness of his recriminations. For it is Cassius who, as his associate and friend, has above all sullied for Brutus the image of his ideal republic, and contributed most to his disillusion. Hence the virulence of the accusations, the talk of chastisement, the repeated dwelling upon his own honesty. The mood finds at once expression upon Brutus' first re-entry after his oration in Act 3.

> Your master, Pindarus,
> In his own charge, or by ill officers,
> Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
> Things done undone. (4. 2. 6 ff.)

And it becomes most explicit in his passionate reminder to Cassius of the high ideals for which Caesar has been murdered and which alone make the assassination for him defensible:

> Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
> Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
> What villain touched his body, that did stab,
> And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
> That struck the foremost man of all this world
> But for supporting robbers, shall we now
> Contaminate our fingers with base bribes;
> And sell the mighty space of our large honours

> For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
> I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
> Than such a Roman. (4. 3. 18 ff.)

In the quarrel-scene, as elsewhere in the play, Brutus and Cassius talk an entirely different language. To Cassius the quarrel is a lover's quarrel, a jealous mistress' quarrel. He cannot conceive why Brutus should be so passionately angry over such trivial offences, has no notion that for Brutus they are bound up with the justifiability of the entire conspiracy. He can merely see that Brutus loves him not, and that under such conditions life to him is valueless, so that without insincerity he can exclaim:

> There is my dagger,
> And here my naked breast; within, a heart
> Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold;
> If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
> I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
> Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,
> When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
> Than ever thou lovedst Cassius. (4. 3. 99 ff.)

The image of the gold echoes a very similar one used earlier in the scene by Brutus:

> By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
> And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
> From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
> By any indirection. (4. 3. 72 ff.)

The two images epitomise the character of the speakers. Brutus would rather die than injure his country; Cassius would rather die than live without the love of his friend. The conflict, fundamental to the play, between private and public loyalties, which is waged in Brutus' mind in the earlier part of the play, has in the quarrel-scene become externalised, and is now fought out between the representatives of the two opposing ways of life.

We see, then, that the quarrel-scene, so far from being episodic and dramatically dispensable, as Bradley thought,[5] is in many ways the most important scene in the play. Not only is it here that Brutus' tragic disillusion is most fully

[5] A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, p. 60.

revealed to us, but the scene also crystallises the play's main moral issue, the rival claims of personal relations and the " res publica."

The play's unity, which has so often been impugned by critics, is really achieved in a twofold manner: By Shakespeare's adoption of the framework of an Elizabethan revenge tragedy, which makes the last two acts with the ghost's pursuit of the murderers and his final revenge on the battlefield an integral part of the play's structure. And, more importantly, by Shakespeare's choice of Brutus for his tragic hero. This last, to me unquestionable, fact has frequently been denied by critics. Professor Charlton, for instance, goes so far as to declare that " Brutus is no more significant in the play than is Hotspur in ' Henry IV ' "; and that " it is impossible to fit ' Julius Caesar ' into Shakespeare's mode of tragedy." To him " ' Julius Caesar ' is a history play in exactly the same sense as are ' Henry IV ' and ' Henry V ': i. e. it is a political play." [6] And to Professor Dover Wilson " the main issue of the play is not the conspirators' fate but the future of Rome, of liberty, of the human race, to which their fate is incidental." [7] Both these views seem to me wholly at odds with the imaginative impact of the play. The main issue of " Julius Caesar," as I see it, is not a political but a purely moral issue, consisting in the conflicting claims of the world of personal relations and that of politics.[8] This issue is never for long lost sight of in the play. In Brutus' assassination of Caesar and in his quarrel with Cassius personal loyalties are sacrificed to political ideals. In Antony's feigned league of friendship with the conspirators and in his treatment of Lepidus personal relations are made the dupe of political expediency. And the same is true of Decius Brutus' relations with Caesar. Political issues, such as the future of Rome and the choice between a republican and monarchic form of government, enter the play only in so far as they impinge upon the moral issue. They are, in other

[6] H. B. Charlton, *Shakespeare, Politics and Politicians*, English Association Pamphlet No. 72, pp. 19 ff.

[7] " Julius Caesar," New Cambridge edition, p. xx.

[8] The importance of this issue in " Julius Caesar " has been well brought out by Professor L. C. Knights in his valuable and stimulating article on " Shakespeare and Political Wisdom," *Sewannee Review*, 61 (1953).

words, not a concern of the play itself, but merely a concern of some of the play's characters.

Its central character is Brutus, in whom the moral issue is fought out, and whose tragedy seems to me very much of the Shakespearean kind. It is on Brutus, the only person in the play who experiences any inner conflict, that our main interest is focussed from the first, and it is with an eye on him that much of the play's material is presented. Had Shakespeare's main concern been with Caesar or with political issues he would never have denied himself the stage-presentation of Antony's offer of the crown at the Lupercal. But it is its effect upon Brutus that concerns Shakespeare, so that all he needs to give us are the shouts of the populace, Brutus' anxious surmises, and Casca's taunting report. Shakespeare's presentation of the character of Caesar itself seems partly determined, as I have argued, by its bearing upon Brutus' tragedy. And the play ends with the tribute to the tragic hero, as we find it in " Hamlet," " Coriolanus," " Antony and Cleopatra," and " Romeo and Juliet " (Othello and Timon provide their own epitaphs).

" Julius Caesar " is, in fact, the first of the poet's tragedies in what we have come to think of as the peculiarly Shakespearean mode, and in its presentation of Brutus' tragic disillusion points forward to " Troilus and Cressida " and " Timon," to " Othello " and " Macbeth."

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# HERRICK AND THE FRUITS OF THE GARDEN

By Thomas R. Whitaker

Confronted with a poem of Herrick's, a critic has something of a problem. Although he can easily murmur about poetic gems, or say, with Masefield, that Herrick is "the one consummate singer of light, lovely, delicate lyrics . . . , whose art is perfectly spontaneous and light of heart," such comments are not completely satisfying. Perhaps for that reason Herrick's poems have not, in this century, received the attention they deserve. Too often they have been either accepted as conventionally important, and thus not discussed seriously, or else dismissed scornfully as trivial and sentimental. Thus, in F. R. Leavis' account of seventeenth-century poetry, Herrick serves only as a foil to the "line of wit." Contrasting "The Funerall Rites of the Rose" with a passage from Marvell, Leavis asserts that

> Herrick's game, Herrick's indulgence, in fact, is comparatively solemn; it does not refer us outside itself. 'Let us,' he virtually says, 'be sweetly and deliciously sad,' and we are to be absorbed in the game, the 'solemn' rite. . . . What Marvell is doing is implicitly 'placed'; not in the least solemn, he is much more serious.
>
> (*Revaluation* [New York, 1947], pp. 40-41)

It is possible, I think, to share many of Leavis' standards and yet disagree with this estimate. But properly to answer Leavis' charge, one must go beyond the conventional view of Herrick as a "consummate singer of light, lovely, delicate lyrics": one must show how Herrick's "game" is "placed," how it refers us outside itself, and what "seriousness" lies beneath its undeniably charming lyric surface. In *The Well Wrought Urn* (New York, 1947), Cleanth Brooks has demonstrated this with regard to one poem, "Corinna's Going a Maying"; and in *The Universe of Robert Herrick* (*Aukland Univ. College Bull. No. 38, Eng. Series No. 4*, 1950), Sydney Musgrove has outlined (with, I think, some overstatement) the Christian bearing of the poetry. Here, following a somewhat different

approach, I wish to deal with the imaginative world of *Hesperides*.

As "The Argument of his Book" tells us, this is a realm of nature, ritual, youth, love, perfumes, trans-shifting times, dainty myths, fairies, and religion. And the second poem in the volume, "To his Muses," places these elements in a pastoral world of assumed naïveté:

> . . . such lines as these
> May take the simple villages;
> But for the court, the country wit
> Is despicable unto it.

But this is pastoral irony; Herrick's world is decidedly complex and courtly. His "rustic" religion draws upon classical, Christian, and native English sources; his images drawn from nature are delicately symbolic; and his "love" is often the refined badinage of the Roman and Alexandrine poets. Indeed, Herrick colors all with a feeling for *art*—the subtle crafts of feminine adornment, poetry, and ritual. This last is especially important, for, as the opening verses make clear, this is above all a ceremonial poetry. It treats largely of "May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes" ("The Argument of his Book"), and also is itself a "holy incantation" suitable to a ceremonial occasion,

> When laurell spirts i'th'fire, and when the hearth
> Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth.
> ("When He Would Have his Verses Read")

As ceremonial poems, Herrick's "games" are already "placed" to some extent, related in a particular way to the every-day world. Of course, this alone would be insufficient "placing": a ceremony may also be an "indulgence," and admittedly Herrick's ceremonies do not always have Marvell's fine poise and urbane wit. But they have more poise and wit than Leavis implies, and their relative inferiority does not make them "trivial." As *Hesperides* now stands, the mediocre effusions Herrick might have spared us may overwhelm such poems as "The Funerall Rites of the Rose," and cause the volume as a whole to seem but refined self-indulgence. But a selected edition of some fifty poems would establish a very

different context, one that would support such poems (as Herbert's *Temple* supports its individual poems) by expanding and deepening their symbolism, and occasionally by criticizing their weaker tendencies—by " placing " them as " The Argument of his Book " and " When He Would Have his Verses Read " do in an introductory fashion. For the best of Herrick's poetry outlines an imaginative realm of some scope, and indicates an awareness of its limitations, its dangers, and its proper uses. A series of excursions from the particular " ceremony " that Leavis deprecates may serve to introduce some of the ways in which this context operates.

> The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd;
> And (being to be sanctifi'd)
> About the Bed, there sighing stood
> The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.
> Some hung the head, while some did bring
> (To wash her) water from the Spring.
> Some laid her forth, while others wept,
> But all a solemne Fast there kept.
> The holy Sisters some among
> The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung.
> But ah! what sweets smelt every where,
> As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
> At last, when prayers for the dead,
> And Rites were all accomplished;
> They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome,
> And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

The personification of the " Sisterhood " is not merly decorative. As " Upon Julia's Recovery " tells us, the sisterhood of flowers includes not only those " ally'd in blood," but also those who have " sworn " allegiance—and the withered roses and the drooping Julia are at least sworn sisters. The sympathy between flowers and humans goes deep, and often explicitly engages Herrick, as in " To Daffadills ":

> We have short time to stay, as you,
> We have as short a Spring;
> As quick a growth to meet Decay,
> As you, or any thing.
> We die,
> As your hours doe, and drie
> Away,

Like to the Summers raine;
Or as the pearles of Mornings dew
Ne'r to be found againe.

The " Sisterhood " is a religious order—again for good reason: it embodies an essentially religious concern for transcending the flux of life. In " To Daffadills " the poet shares with the flowers his sense of life's transient beauty, feels in himself the same creative force and potential death, and so calls after them:

Stay, stay,
Untill the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along.

The theme is similar in " The Funerall Rites of the Rose." We see the eternal sickness of the rose that was later to prompt Blake's cry, the transience of beauty which dies in the very act of smiling. However, the flowery sisterhood, a religious order of ephemeral virgins, does not accept the fact of death, but seeks to transcend or transfigure it in the rites of sanctification:

Some hung the head, while some did bring
(To wash her) water from the Spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemne Fast there kept.

These lines offer some of the wit and complexity of reference Leavis finds lacking in Herrick's poetry. William Empson has pointed out (*Seven Types of Ambiguity* [New York, 1947], pp. 162-163) the suggested pun on " Spring," and the assimilation of the implicit dew image that accompanies it to the tears in the next line. (Herrick, we may note, uses the same verbal play rather differently in " A Nuptiall Song," where " Shewers of Roses " punningly " drown " the bride with a " flowrie Spring.") Here, freshness of growth (with suggestion of a resurrection) and tears for decay are inseparable. The decay, of course, is still before our eyes in another witty phrase: " Some hung the head "—they follow the rose in the very act of mourning for her. The fusion of dew and tears is also lightly

suggested in " To Daffadills," where the weeping, in the first line, reappears as the drying summer rain and the pearls of morning dew; it plays an important part, too, in " Corinna's Going A Maying "; and it is the symbolic base for " To Primroses fill'd with Morning-Dew ":

> Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears
> Speak griefe in you,
> Who were but borne
> Just as the modest Morne
> Teem'd her refreshing dew?

All things " Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth." The dew is both sad and refreshing: beauty is always mourning, yet the generations of beauty are endless. So in " The Funerall Rites of the Rose," growth and decay are juxtaposed for mixed grief and consolation, and the freshness of spring is an element in the sanctification of death.

Another element inseparable from transience—intensified by it and sanctifying it—is its very beauty:

> But ah! what sweets smelt every where,
> As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.

The perfumery belongs to the element of art that frequently heightens the natural world of *Hesperides.* Here it suggests a distillation of sensuous beauty; but it is thoroughly harmonized with the dominant note of transience by the word " spent," which not only intensifies by hyperbole but also suggests the exhaustion or passing that is central here.

This use of perfumery, however, does relate to Herrick's frequent use of art as a stabilizing element, an escape from the flux of nature. In " Upon Julia's Recovery," Herrick uses conventional imagery with unusual aptness:

> Droop, droop no more, or hang the head
> Ye *Roses* almost withered;
> Now strength, and newer Purple get,
> Each here declining *Violet.*
> O *Primroses*! let this day be
> A Resurrection unto ye;
> And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
> Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood:
> For Health on *Julia's* cheek hath shed

Clarret, and Creame commingled.
And those her lips doe now appeare
As beames of Corrall, but more cleare.

Upon recovery Julia emerges from the realm of drooping vegetation imagery, her health is fixed in the final image of coral lips, and she momentarily has the stability and permanence of an artifact. This permanence is also suggested at the end of " The Funerall Rites of the Rose ":

At last, when prayers for the dead,
And Rites were all accomplished;
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome,
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

Death is sanctified by art; the beauty of the rose is removed from the flux of nature to the static realm of art, as in another poem:

You have beheld a smiling *Rose*
When Virgins hands have drawn
O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne:
And here, you see, this Lilly shows,
Tomb'd in a *Christal* stone,
More faire in this transparent case,
Then when it grew alone;
And had but single grace.
(" The Lilly in a Christal ")

The transfiguration of death explicit here is implicit in " The Funerall Rites of the Rose." Thus Herrick dramatizes the concept of immortality through art in terms of his imaginative world—though he also uses the more traditional expressions of the concept, as in the conclusions of " To Live Merrily, and to Trust to Good Verses " and " To the Reverend Shade of his Religious Father."

The world of *Hesperides* offers opportunity for many treatments of this paradox of decay and fruition, death and transfiguration. It is applicable to, and conversely may be symbolized by, the loss of virginity:

Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimpring-maids,
Now Autumne's come, when all those flowrie aids
Of her Delayes must end. . . .
(" A Nuptiall Song ")

The poem's attitude toward this is complex: the hearty pleasure in literal and symbolic deflowering is qualified by the maidens' sense of the lost spring and justified by the sacramental fruition of autumn already foreshadowed:

> Then come on, come on, and yeeld
> A savour like unto a blessed field,
> When the bedabled Morne
> Washes the golden ears of corne.

Somewhat similar is the irony of "To Cherry-Blossomes," which may symbolize deflowering by death, or by a lover:

> Fruit, ye know, is comming on:
> Then, Ah! Then, where is your grace,
> When as Cherries come in place?

But here the personification and the gentle warning operate to insist upon the irrevocable loss—annihilation—that accompanies fruition.

Another means of transcending this annihilation and attaining limited "immortality" also uses ceremony. The rites of the rose have their counterpart in the rites of salt and winding-sheet described in "To Perilla"; and so also does the flower-and-tear symbolism: "Let fall a *Primrose*, and with it a teare. . . ." But "weekly-strewings" must also be devoted to the poet's memory, that his ghost may

> not walk about, but keep
> Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

Ritual not only sanctifies the time of death, but perpetuates the memory of life (while paradoxically preventing the ghost from walking) by a periodic celebration of death. Similarly, Herrick addresses another mistress:

> Dearest, bury me
> Under that *Holy-oke*, or *Gospel-tree*:
> Where (though thou see'st not) thou may'st think upon
> Me, when thou yeerly go'st Procession. . . .
> ("To Anthea")

He shrewdly fuses the new ceremony with the old; his genius for eclectic ritual—"Part Pagan, part Papisticall," like that

of the fairies (" The Temple ")—is clearly not just the result of an eye for the picturesque. But the conclusion of " To Anthea " indicates dissatisfaction with this limited transcending of death:

> Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe
> In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome:
> For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be
> No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

He desires a union transcending Anthea's death as well; but the wit recognizes the impossibility of this demand, and, as a tribute to the joy of present union with Anthea, re-affirms that the values of *Hesperides* are firmly in this life. Hence, of course, the recurrent dissatisfaction with various forms of immortality:

> . . . when or you or I are made
> A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
> All love, all liking, all delight
> Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

" The Funerall Rites of the Rose " is clearly more than a game, an " indulgence." It not only describes, but is a ceremony. The reader participates in it from time to time just as Perilla does her weekly strewings and Anthea her yearly processions. The poem periodically renews our awareness of the death and sanctification of the rose—with all its delicately limned symbolic reference to our larger world. And, as ceremonial *art*, the poem itself embodies that sanctification: it *is* the tomb of the rose. If such ceremony is " escape," it is—like the ceremony of harvest-home—

> like rain,
> Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,
> But for to make it spring againe.
> (" The Hock-Cart ")

And this last line is true whether we read " it " as impersonal and " spring " as a noun, or " paine " as the antecedent and " spring " as a verb. The ceremonial escape is artistic communion with the realm of death, transfiguration, and rebirth, in order to cause an analogous renewal within the spirit of the participator.

It is no accident, then, that in *Hesperides* the rites of death closely relate to the rites of fertility—that in " Corinna " the celebration of May ends in a vision of death, that in " A Nuptiall Song " the bride is stripped of springtime and laid in a winding-sheet, that in " The Funerall Rites of the Rose " the sisterhood brings " water from the Spring," and that in " The Hock-Cart " the harvest celebration exists " for to make it spring againe." Sir Simeon Steward's twelve days of Christmas will be, similarly, a winter " harvest " celebration, during which the plough and harrow " hang up resting " and

> the fired Chesnuts leape
> For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,
> From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
> That tempts till it be tossed up. . . .

After this imagery that fuses ripeness and Dionysian ecstasy, Herrick appropriately advises,

> Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,
> Till Liber Pater twirles the house
> About your eares; and lay upon
> The yeare (your cares) that's fled and gon.
> (" A New-Yeares Gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward ")

And here we meet in person the god who looms close behind the dainty world of *Hesperides*: the English Lord of Misrule, Liber Pater, Dionysus. As Herrick claimed (" When He Would Have his Verses Read "), he wrote Dionysian enchantments, or holy incantations. But of course they are also peculiarly muted, refined, and Christianized—and this multiple qualification deserves some comment.

The basic paradox of Herrick's Dionysian world is that of " cleanly-wantonnesse " (" The Argument of his Book "), a phrase with various meanings. Often it suggests a refined sensuality like that of the Julia poems, where " wantonnesse," " transgression," and " wilde civility " are indirectly expressed by the seductive clothing that half-conceals and half-reveals. (See " Delight in Disorder," " On Julia's Clothes," " Julia's Petticoat," " Art above Nature," " To Anthea Lying in Bed," " The Lilly in a Christal," and " What Kind of Mistresse He Would Have.") Heightening desire by refining and distancing

its object, clothing here performs one of the important functions of art in *Hesperides*; for Herrick, like Meredith's sentimentalist, frequently "fiddles harmonics on the sensual strings." Thus the flowery sisterhood of these rituals has a muted sexuality, which emerges clearly in other poems stressing the blood-sisterhood of Julia and the flowers. In some poems this refined sensuality may be what Leavis terms an "indulgence," as one of them, "A Vision," explicitly recognizes; but in the better poems the sensuous qualities are thoroughly *used*. Herrick's egocentric "love" for his mistresses is certainly not a means for exploring dramatic relations between two realized individuals. Rather, it intensifies the sense for beauty, for "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips / Bidding adieu." Herrick's world, like Keats's, exhibits the dangers of egoism, sensuality, and sentimentality; and where it approaches profundity it does so in a similar manner, if with more hesitation—through exploring the individual's awareness of the flux of the time world, and the counter-balancing stasis of art, of the ideal, of death.

However used, this refined sensuality is always in danger of going soft. The tendency appears in "A Song to the Maskers":

> Come down, and dance ye in the toyle
> Of pleasures, to a Heate;
> But if to moisture, Let the oyle
> Of Roses be your sweat.

The maskers are then urged to perfume the by-standers with "these sweets" as once the goddess Isis did. The pun here establishes an equation that is central to the mood of Dionysian revels; but Herrick characteristically deflects its force, stressing "sweet" where a Lawrence or a Giono (were he to use the combination) would, if anything, stress "sweat." A similar modulation occurs in "A Hymne to Bacchus," where Herrick renounces unstinted drinking, and promises, in order to placate the god, an offering of daffadils. Of course, this delicate offering has its place in Dionysian ceremony and in *Hesperides*: it points directly to the fertility-death symbolism we have noted. Nevertheless, the reduction of Dionysian ecstasy to an offering of flowers exemplifies the kind of refinement, and the correlative loss of vigor, that occur in much of the verse.

Frequently, however, Herrick chastens his Dionysus in a more vigorous manner, as in "When He Would Have his Verses Read." Rejecting "sober mornings" as a time for verse-reading, the poem builds to a Dionysian climax:

> When up the *Thyrse* is rais'd, and when the sound
> Of sacred *Orgies* flyes, A round, A round.
> When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments shine,

—only to cap this with the controlling words:

> Let rigid *Cato* read these Lines of mine.

We have no longer an orgy of Dionysus dissolved in flowers, but rather one with overtones of Roman sternness and economy. And we recall the literary implications of Herrick's claim to be "a free-born Roman" ("His Returne to London"). Here "cleanly-wantonnesse" is a means of gaining, in imagination, the release and regeneration of Dionysian ecstasy while preserving the contrasting virtues of measure and decorum. This, which is no doubt possible only within the paradoxical realm of art, is precisely one of the functions of the anacreontic tradition Herrick uses: it is a literary, and hence highly qualified, participation in a realm that, in life, might be crude, dangerous, or immoral. This presence of a literary manner (thus the closing line of *Hesperides*: "Jocond his Muse was; but his Life was chast") is what lies behind our recurrent feeling of a distance between the poet and the delights celebrated. At its poorest, the verse is a merely "literary" toying with classical motifs; at its best, it creates an ideal realm which orders and fuses Horatian economy and Dionysian ecstasy.

One further qualification of this version of Dionysus is its Christian reference. This disputed aspect of the poetry I prefer to approach obliquely, by way of an examination of "His Winding-Sheet," a poem which reflects Herrick's obsession with death and regeneration, and with the need and the danger of "escape."

> Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit
> Of all I've writ:
> The Grace, the Glorie, and the best
> Piece of the rest.

Thou art of what I did intend
The All, and End.
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet.

The irony of these opening lines is especially powerful within the context of *Hesperides*. Death is addressed implicitly as mistress and as Liber Pater, as both ominous inspiration and beautiful subject of the poetry. The winding sheet is the all and end in a double sense; and the irony extends to include two ways in which " what was made, was made to meet / Thee ": the poetry is an attempt to stave off death—but, like all art, it provides only brief immortality.

The following welcome brings out the implications lurking in those lines to mistress death:

Come then, and be to my chast side
Both Bed, and Bride.
We two (as Reliques left) will have
One Rest, one Grave.
And, hugging close, we will not feare
Lust entring here:
Where all Desires are dead, or cold
As is the mould:
And all Affections are forgot,
Or trouble not.

The irony is intensified by our memory of the ideal of " cleanly-wantonnesse." This solution to the paradox is hinted at in several poems: the wedding custom in " A Nuptiall Song,"— " dispatch, and sowe / Up in a sheet your Bride "; the shift of function in " To Perilla "—

. . . then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didst implore
The Gods protection, but the night before)

—and such other fusions of death and sexual consummation as the conclusion of " To Anthea " and the couplet addressed to " The Rosemarie Branch ":

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my *Bridall*, or my *Buriall*.

(Taken another way, of course, this couplet belongs to Herrick's satires against marriage.)

The desire for " rest " in the opening lines of " His Winding-Sheet " suggests not only a function of periodic ceremonies, but also the more insidious temptation to use the imaginative world as mere escape. This is clear from the following lines, which suggest the catalogue of political evils opening " A New-Yeares Gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward ":

> Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be
> From Shackles free:
> And weeping Widowes long opprest
> Doe here find rest.
> The wronged Client ends his Lawes
> Here, and his Cause.
> Here those long suits of Chancery lie
> Quiet, or die:
> And all Star-chamber-Bils doe cease,
> Or hold their peace.

But the flicker of irony in the possible mere dormancy of the notorious legal processes hints at what is to follow:

> Here needs no Court for our Request,
> Where all are best;
> All wise; all equall; and all just
> Alike i'th' dust.

The irony turns on the word " just," which, because of the slight end-of-line pause, first appears parallel to " best," " wise," and " equall "—and then expands into a deflating parallel of another sort. Indeed, the element of escape and imaginative fulfillment has been so subjected to irony by the end of the poem that the winding-sheet is then no longer a welcome " All, and End," but is, like all of Herrick's escapes, temporary:

> In this securer place we'l keep,
> As lull'd asleep;
> Or for a little time we'l lye,
> As Robes laid by;
> To be another day reworn,
> Turn'd but not torn. . . .

Death, too, is a time for sleep and renewal. But how can men thus transcend it? They will

> . . . for a while lye here conceal'd,
> To be reveal'd
> Next, at that great Platonick yeere,
> And then meet here.

There is of course no literal belief in the Platonic doctrine invoked. Viewing Herrick as a Christian poet, one may consider the doctrine of recurrence as the vehicle for a belief in the resurrection on the Last Day. And yet the force of the series of metaphors is to insist upon a return to the life now known—not a translation to another life. This reflects the intensity of life-values throughout *Hesperides*, an intensity which lies behind the obsession with death, and which prevents that death, or any other mode of escape, from being a final solution. Viewed within the "pagan" context of *Hesperides*, then, this Platonic doctrine symbolizes a demand that death, like ceremony, be sent not

> for to drowne your paine,
> But for to make it spring againe.

This Christian-Dionysian ambiguity runs through Herrick's symbolism. Thus the consolation "To the Lady Crew, upon the Death of her Child":

> Why, Madam, will ye longer weep,
> When as your Baby's lull'd asleep?
> And (pretty Child) feeles now no more
> Those paines it lately felt before.
> All now is silent; groanes are fled:
> Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead:
> But rather like a flower hid here
> To spring againe another yeare.

And again in the poem "To his Dying Brother, Master William Herrick":

> . . . here Ile last, and walk (a harmless shade)
> About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid,
> To guard it so, as nothing here shall be
> Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

For the Christian, the circle of generation *may* symbolize eternal regeneration; yet the vehicle carries its force, and it is significant that Herrick so consistently selects it. George

Herbert, on the other hand, though using in "The Flower" seasonal imagery to dramatize the same sense of psychological renewal that Herrick often deals with, alters the metaphor when he suggests a Christian resurrection—moving beyond the cycles of generation to an unfading garden. In Herbert the corruptible puts on incorruption; in Herrick the corruptible springs again.

In these ambiguous metaphors Herrick resolves formally, with respect to an afterlife, what he cannot resolve logically: the tension between his Christian and Dionysian views. This is, however, only one way in which he deals with this problem. In "Corinna," as both Cleanth Brooks and S. Musgrove have noted, the pagan ceremony of spring "receives its due," while the Christian ceremonies, which provide the implicit framework of the poem's world, temporarily retire into the background. But it will not do, I think, to maintain (as Musgrove does) that the relationship established here is generally true of Herrick's world—that is, that his universe is dominantly Christian and that the mass of secular poems express the "mind on a holiday," or merely "indicate a preference for certain kinds of social behaviour" (*The Universe of Robert Herrick*, pp. 13, 15). The paganism goes deeper than this, as the previous analyses indicate. Herrick's verse moves in two worlds, which are imperfectly coordinated. Some poems bring into focus the ceremony of natural regeneration, the ceremony of Dionysus. There, as in "Corinna," Christianity may be in slight abeyance ("Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying"), it may sanctify the results of the natural process (as the priest does after the green-gowns have been given), or it may disappear entirely ("All love, all liking, all delight / Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night"). In other poems the imagery may suggest to varying degrees a Christian transfiguration of the natural process—as in the references to the holy sisterhood of "The Funerall Rites of the Rose," or to praying and the "even-song" in "To Daffadills." Other poems, especially in *Noble Numbers*, focus upon Christian ceremony; and there one finds more narrowly Christian ways of coordinating the two realms, as in "The Transfiguration" or "The School or Perl of Putney," poems on which Musgrove

relies heavily. In the large, *Noble Numbers* complements *Hesperides* just as the Christian imagery complements the pagan—and it is surely no accident that *Hesperides* is the better volume.

However the two realms may be related for Herrick the Anglican priest, they are not in fixed relation for Herrick the poet. Rather, the Christian and the qualified Dionysian are two perspectives upon a reality that transcends them both and so cannot be expressed by either symbolism alone. Herrick is feeling for a harmonious middle realm, "Part Pagan, part Papisticall," that may present a variety of reactions to this complex and rather fluid world before him. To this end he attempts to create his own eclectic myth of the garden of the Hesperides, aided by what we presumptuously call a "modern" sense of myth's ability to order the facts and demands of the human situation. A gay poem "To Electra" is surprisingly relevant here, indicating his sense of myth's archetypal value:

> Ile come to thee in all those shapes
> As *Jove* did, when he made his rapes:

—but the myths are instrumental, not a substitute for life; in the end, the richness and intensity of life's activity will transcend all imaginative projections—

> And kissing, so as none may heare,
> We'll weary all the Fables there.

For that very reason, perhaps, Herrick did not find a central myth that would completely reconcile and exhaustively render his double perspective. Julia, however, may appropriately symbolize the object of his search:

> If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee;
> Here shall my endless Tabernacle be:
> If not, (as banisht) I will live alone
> There, where no language ever yet was known.
> ("To Julia")

Julia presides over the dual realm of myth and language—for the myth provides the means of articulating his situation. She is thus, in another poem, the "Flaminica Dialis, or Queen-Priest," who petitions Love that they may escape death. And Herrick concludes: "Redemption comes by Thee." In this

light fusion of divine and secular love, with Julia as Roman priestess and Virgin Mary, we see the ambiguous myth toward which Herrick was moving; a myth to embody his principal intuition, of a sacred world of transitory but continually regenerated delights, a world plagued not so much by moral evil as by time and death. " For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter? . . . . Let her not walk in the sun." Herrick is far from this view of the corrupting intercourse of life and death, good and evil. Rather, he sings " To Marygolds ":

> Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun
> (And hang the head when as the Act is done)
> Spread as He spreads; wax lesse as He do's wane;
> And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

Maidenhood and ravishment are enduring poles of the natural oscillation he celebrates.

Renewal is not always so simple as it is for the marygolds, to be sure, but nature's inevitable rhythms may still offer hope in time of political trouble:

> Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare
> Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
> Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring
> Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
> The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every Tree
> Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.
> The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings,
> With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.
> What gentle Winds perspire? As if here
> Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*
> To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,
> Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
> (" Farwell Frost, or Welcome the Spring ")

And this is elaborated in a manner to evoke the entire imaginative world of *Hesperides*: the " lusty Spring " is also an artist, as, in their own ways, are the swaggering trees (blood sisters of the stately Julia) and Philomela, who fits in neatly as an archetype of the transmuting of suffering (through being ravished, as the marygolds) into the beauty of art and nature.

Of course, the individual may not endure through the entire

process of ravishment and renewal—" Gather ye rosebuds while ye may "—and he consequently seeks to transcend death, and to escape from the temporal flux into the eternal realm of art or ceremony. But, as in " His Winding-Sheet," Herrick equates such permanent escape with death itself; he is close to Keats's recognition of the antimony of time and eternity. Man must choose between this realm, where men hear each other groan, where the rose is smiling and dying, and the realm of art, of the " cold pastoral," the tomb of the rose.

However, Herrick has found a way of mediating between these two realms. His symbolism crystallizes in art the situation of man: immersed in natural flux, yet realizing and so transcending that immersion, demanding an escape into the ideal realm of art. And as Dionysian ceremony, his verse then mediates between the symbolic art and its world of reference: it offers periodic communion both with the stasis of art, which it is, and with the heart of natural flux, which it dramatizes. It thus offers momentary imaginative transcendence of the temporal—that life may spring again. The escape of art leads back to the world of nature.

Of course, this is to delineate the ideal Herrick moved towards. His success was not uniform, nor need it have been—his quest was, in its diminutive way, Herculean. Julia, Corinna, and the rest, daughters of the Hesperides (the realm of the setting sun, of the dying rose), were means to an end. Through them he approached the golden apples, the natural fruit transmuted into artifact, the lily in the crystal. And he knew that the ecstasy of securing these apples is rightly but momentary. Athena, receiving the fruits of art dedicated to her, returns them once more to the garden, where they await the repeated quest.

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# THE MEANING OF "THE WEEPER"

By Stephen Manning

Although commentators have looked upon Richard Crashaw as a mystic, in approaching "The Weeper" they have overlooked that mode of the mystic poet referred to by St. Bernard: "For although the words by which these visions or similitudes are described seem to celebrate substances and corporeal things, they are, on the contrary, spiritual things which are therein ministered to us, and therefore their causes and reasons should also be sought for in the spirit." [1] The causes and reasons of Crashaw's words, then, should be sought for in the spiritual tradition available to him, a tradition including the emblems, the Jesuits, the Carmelite mystics, and the devotional lyrists of his own day, plus the extensive patristic and medieval heritage.

We might begin by observing in stanza XXX the shift in tone, from exuberance to quiet devotion, accompanied by a shift in speaker, from the poet to the tears.[2] The transition and the shift itself seem to summarize motifs found throughout the poem; further, just as in the first part of the poem Magdalene's tears are superior to various natural phenomena, so the tears in XXX scorn nature, and just as her tears in XX-XXI are more precious than the wealth of princes, so in XXXI they scorn "Crown'd Heads." This suggests a relationship between the movement of the poem as a whole and the final stanzas, and tracing the sentiment of these stanzas in the spiritual tradition should offer us an insight into the poem's meaning. To St. Ignatius Loyola, for example, spiritual consolation includes many things: the soul's being inflamed by the love of God and loving nothing in itself, but only in the Creator of all things; the soul's being moved to the love of God and sorrow for sin by tears; and an increase in faith,

[1] *Patrologia Latina*, ed. J. P. Migne, CLXXXIII, 945, abbreviated hereafter *PL*. Cf. St. John of the Cross, *The Complete Works*, trans. David Lewis (London, 1864), II, 1-2.

[2] All references to Crashaw's poems, unless otherwise noted, are to the 1652 versions in L. C. Martin's ed. (Oxford, 1927).

hope, and love plus an interior joy reminding man of heavenly things and his own salvation (*The Text of the Spiritual Exercises* [Westminster, Md., 1943], p. 107). Perhaps Crashaw is describing a similar state of the soul, a theme reflected in his various images.

The image with which the poem concludes, our Lord's feet, is emphasized by final position, by contrast, and by shift in speaker. Our Lord's feet are identified with Magdalene in the Gospels: Luke 7: 37-50, John 12: 3, Matt. 28: 9.[3] Some writers, moreover, identified Magdalene with Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus,[4] who chose the best part (Luke 10: 42), suggesting a life spiritually perfect.[5] Also, sorrow for sin and the rejection of the things of earth for the love of God are first steps toward " the final state of perfection—the spiritual marriage," in the words of St. John of the Cross (II, 12). If we turn now to XIX (added in the 1652 version), *follow'd* in line 112 reminds us of Christ's invitation to " Come, follow Me " (Mat. 19: 21), an invitation to spiritual perfection. Magdalene does follow Christ, physically and spiritually, and the love imagery with which the poem abounds suggests a notion similar to the spiritual marriage of St. John of the Cross.[6] This notion is suggested also by the order of XI and XII: XI contains the image " bridegroom sun " (64) and appears only in the 1652 version; although the stanza is borrowed from the earlier " The Tear," the image there is " manly

[3] All Scriptural references are to the Vulgate.

[4] A controversial point. Among those identifying the two are: St. Gregory the Great, *PL*, LXXVI. 1239, LXXVII. 877; St. Bernard, *PL*, CLXXXIV. 765; St. Teresa, *Complete Works*, trans. & ed. E. Allison Peers (New York, 1946), II, 348; Gervase Markham, *Marie Magdalene's Tears*, ed. Alexander B. Grosart (1871), p. 107.

[5] The superiority of the contemplative life (Mary) to the active (Martha) is upheld by St. Gregory the Great, *PL*, LXXVI. 809, LXXV. 763-764; St. Bernard, *PL*, CLXXXIV. 1277. To St. Augustine, Mary represents the life to come, *PL*, XXXVIII. 617-618. To St. Teresa, Magdalene exemplifies the perfect life, a combination of action and contemplation, II, 348-349. (For Magdalene as an example of the contemplative life in the art of the period, see Emile Mâle, *L'Art Religieux après le Concile de Trente* [Paris, 1932], pp. 189-191.)

[6] The concept of a spiritual marriage is not confined to St. John; the Song of Songs is traditionally an epithalamion of Christ and the soul (and/or the Church). See St. Teresa, II, 329-350, mentioning Magdalene on 336. St. Anselm, moreover, speaks of Magdalene as *sponsa Dei* (*PL*, CLVIII. 1010).

Sun" (8). Stanza XII alludes to the marriage at Cana (John 2: 1-11) in 72, but although appearing in earlier version of "The Weeper," it follows what in the 1652 version is V. But I shall stop for a moment to discuss the love imagery mentioned above.

Particularly fitting in a poem about Magdalene, who made the transfer from profane to sacred love, is the post-Tridentine transference of secular love imagery to sacred love. Magdalene as weeper is lover, for weeping is part of the secular love tradition. Of other transferred motifs the most obvious are the superiority of the lady to various natural phenomena, and the fusion of joy and sorrow, of fire and water. In addition to these secular love motifs there is sacred love imagery, taken ultimately from the Song of Songs, but showing the influence of commentators upon the Song and especially of Sts. Teresa and John of the Cross. These images include the vine, wine, fountain, and garden. The vine image in XI suggests Songs 2: 13, but in St. John the vineyard is the soul, whose flowers are the virtues, giving the soul a "wine of sweet smell" (II, 91-92). Magdalene's tear is now a blossom, but when ripe will make the richer wine (65-66); that is, she is now a beginner in the progress toward the spiritual marriage, but when the marriage does take place, her wine, a symbol of love and spiritual joy,[7] will be richer than any joy afforded by the earthly grape. This account of Magdalene's spiritual state is elaborated in the rich connotations of the fountain and garden images. The garden is that of the soul; the flowers are virtues, produced by prayer, as in St. Teresa (I, 65). The garden must be watered, and the fountain takes on many meanings: it is the soul and its water is God's grace;[8] it is faith, because from it flow to the soul "the waters of all spiritual goodness";[9] it is love [faith and love, we note, are explicitly mentioned of Magdalene in Luke 7: 47, 50, and St. John feels these two virtues lead ultimately to God (II, 18-19)];[10] it is the well of

[7] See Crashaw's "An Apologie for the Fore-going Hymne," 41-46.

[8] St. Teresa, II, 237; Antonio Brucioli, *A Commentary vpon the Canticle of Canticles*, trans. Thomas Iames (London, 1598), p. 84; Henry Ainsworth, *Annotations upon the Song of Songs* (London, 1639), p. 34.

[9] St. John of the Cross, II, 62.

[10] St. Ambrose, *PL*, XV. 2011.

living waters, springing up to life everlasting (John 4: 10, 14). Such evidence justifies our conclusion that the theme of "The Weeper" is spiritual perfection, the progress toward the mystical union of Christ and the soul. Having established the theme, we may now investigate the poem in more detail.

In stanza I Crashaw establishes a tone of jubilance, for he is speaking of divine matters. The accumulation of images would seem to illustrate the poet's sense of inadequacy in expressing divine truths by what St. John calls "strange terms and similitudes" (II, 2), as would the explanation of the images in 5-6.[11] Stanza II introduces Magdalene as a beginner in the way toward the spiritual marriage in 9; this and the line following are explicable by reference to Ps. 125: 5: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The superiority of Magdalene's tears is clarified in III: they ascend to heaven, they do not fall to earth—to be interpreted, of course, as the superiority of spiritual over temporal things.[12] Continuing the thought of the superiority of the tears to heaven's spangles, 19 equates her tears with prayers ascending to heaven.[13] Prayer, in fact, is to St. Teresa "the royal road to Heaven" (II, 89), along which Magdalene travels. Heaven's bosom in 20 is an epithet for the surface of heaven, or sky, just as the earth's surface is its bosom (as opposed, for example, to the bowels of the earth). And just as earth drinks in the rain, so does heaven's bosom drink in Magdalene's tears, which have ascended. Although a bosom ordinarily gives milk, not drinks it, the implication is that Magdalene's tears are superior to the milk in heaven's bosom—borne out by the cream image in 22. The milky rivers in 21 is a reference to the Milky Way, the highway to heaven,[14] and a symbol of prayer to George Herbert ("Prayer," 12). Now we can see these images interact: tears are prayer, prayer is the road to heaven, the road to heaven

[11] I find this sense of inadequacy also in 42, 143-144, and in the accumulation of images in 112-114.

[12] Perhaps the stars connote here the virtues, as in St. Bernard, *PL*, CLXXXIII. 917, and A. H. [Henry Hawkins?], *Partheneia Sacra*, ed. Aiain Fletcher (Aldington, 1950), p. 86.

[13] See Tob. 12:12, I Sam. 1:10, Ecclus. 35:18-19, Is. 38:5, Thomas Iacksonne, *Peters Teares* (London, 1612), p. 34.

[14] Ovid, *Met.* I. 168-171. Cf. *Hero and Leander*, I. 296-299.

is the Milky Way, prayer is a milky way, tears are a milky way. But spiritual things are superior to temporal, and tears (prayer) are superior to the Milky Way. To express a supernatural phenomenon we have recourse to a natural: cream is superior to milk, therefore Magdalene's tears are cream which floats above the milky rivers. Of milk and tears St. Isidore writes that as a mother gives her child milk from her breast, so penitence supplies the penitent with tears (*PL*, LXXXIII. 1300). Finally, we need not be surprised at finding milky rivers in heaven's bosom; besides the anatomical basis, the Old Testament land flowing with milk and honey is a type of heaven.[15]

The nature of the waters above the heavens (23-24) was a controversial topic from early times; here, then, is an end to the controversy, in Magdalene and her tears. The problem, raised by Ps. 148: 4, centered around how waters could exist in the heavens, whose nature is fire.[16] A popular Renaissance theory involved the transmutation of the elements: cold and moist water is mixed with the heat of the sun and becomes hot and moist vapor, a species of air potentially like water. The vapor rises and becomes the water above the heavens.[17] These waters are then a mixture of fire and water; Magdalene's tears are a mixture of fire and water (recalling the epigram's "Is she a FLAMING fountain, or a Weeping fire!"), so it is only natural that "Vpwards thous dost weep."[18] This line may be further explicated by St. Peter Chrysologus on Magdalene's tears bathing Christ's feet: "See how the order of things is changed: the heavens always give rain to the earth, yet, behold, now the earth irrigates the heavens! Even more, the shower of human tears has leaped above the heavens and all the way up to the Lord Himself, so that, as in the Psalmist, that may be sung also about the waters of tears: 'And let all the waters that are above the heavens praise the name of the Lord!'" (*PL*, LII. 463). Crashaw is correct in calling Magdalene's tears "euer-falling starres" (8) because they fall upon Christ's

[15] See Ralegh's "Give Me My Scallop-Shell of Quiet," 16.

[16] St. Isidore, *PL*, LXXXIII. 987.

[17] See William Fulke, *Meteors* (London, 1670), pp. 4-8.

[18] The mixture of fire and water, one of the major motifs in the poem, indicates union with God; see St. Teresa, II, 78-80.

feet. But the feet of Christ, as St. Gregory the Great says, symbolize the mystery of the Incarnation by which Divinity touched the earth (*PL*, LXXVI. 1242); Crashaw is therefore also correct in saying that Magdalene does not weep downwards, but upwards, to Christ, Who is God.

Line 22 develops the cream image which is explicable by reference to "Musicks Duell" (76-77): Magdalene's tears are the cherub's Helicon, and the common explicit basis for cream, the song, and tears is sweetness.[19] Indeed, sweetness becomes a common basis for the group of images which follow: the sadness, the dew, the balsam, the wine, images which display the sweetness which the love of God brings to Magdalene's soul.[20] But although tears are the angel's Helicon, there is undoubtedly a connection with Luke 15: 10; Magdalene's doing penance is the source of the cherub's joy, which he expresses in the sweetness of his song. This concludes the first division of the poem.

Up to this point Crashaw has addressed Magdalene's eyes, sharing possibly the angel's joy, for the saint is on her way to spiritual perfection. The stanzas which follow give a chronological account of the state of her soul; and since the 1652 version differs markedly from the others, the sequence of these stanzas must have a definite spiritual significance. In VI Magdalene's eyes reflect a more beautiful aspect than the red of sunset because she weeps for the Son of God, Who dies on the cross.[21] Underlying this act of weeping is her faith, her

[19] For the sweetness of tears, see St. Augustine, *PL*, XXXII. 697, XL. 1254; St. Anselm, *PL*, CLVIII. 893; St. Isidore, *PL*, LXXXIII. 1300; St. Bernard, *PL*, CLXXXIII. 1061.

[20] Since the concept of sweetness has been generally misunderstood, I offer three observations. 1) The word is prevalent in works of a spiritual, especially mystical, nature. I quote only St. Teresa: "What, holy Bride! Is this sweetness killing you? For sometimes, as I have been told, it seems so excessive that it consumes the soul till there appears not to be enough of it left to live" (II, 395). For a Scriptural basis, see Ps. 33:9, Matt. 11:30. 2) Cf. the frequency with which Herbert uses the word; this may well have influenced Crashaw. 3) Cf. these synonyms for *sweet* from the *NED*: fragrant; scented; agreeable, delightful; dearly loved or prized, precious; in affectionate address, beloved, but also a term of respect. The word seems to be used in spiritual writings often as a synonym for *refreshing*.

[21] Suggested perhaps by Markham's Magdalene: "I did behold my Love's too cruell death / With these sad eyes, made red with brinish tears" (p. 87) and

belief in Christ as God—the first step in her spiritual progress. Since her tears, signs of sorrow, have arisen from the supernatural motivation supplied by her faith, they ennoble sorrow (VII).[22] The tears in VIII are dew superior to nature's, for this dew decks the Rose of the Field and "nuzzl'd" the neck of the Lily of the Valley,[23] or Christ Himself. Although possibly a reference to Magdalene's washing Christ's feet, there may be an additional meaning. To many writers dew is a symbol of God's grace,[24] and as dew comes from heaven, so does the gift of tears; as dew returns from whence it came, so does Magdalene return her tears to their Source. Through faith, then, Magdalene weeps for her sins, and moved by God's grace in the form of tears, washes His feet. This account of her spiritual state is reminiscent of the second state of prayer in St. Teresa. In this state "grace reveals itself to the soul more clearly" (I, 83), and "The tears which God bestows here flow joyfully," their water making the virtues increase because "the soul is already rising from its miserable condition and gaining some slight foreknowledge of the joys of glory" (I, 84). The very next stanzas (IX-X) illustrate how Magdalene's soul has risen from its miserable condition by penitence, that inestimable medicine which not only absolves sin but even grants the blessed reward of the saints.[25] What balsam-sweating bough can hope to match the sanative power of everlasting life?

In St. Teresa's second state of prayer, moreover, "little buds of virtue" begin to appear, and the flowers "begin to give out their fragrance" (I, 86-87): so in 65 Magdalene's

"He was my Sunne, whose going downe did leave, / A dumpish night with fearfull fancies fild" (p. 123).

[22] At the base of the thought of this stanza is the distinction between a worldly and a spiritual sorrow; see II Cor. 7:10.

[23] The phrase in Songs 2:1 is variously translated: flower of the field (Vulgate), rose of the field, rose of Sharon.

[24] St. Augustine, *PL*, XXXVII. 1735; St. Bernard, *PL*, CLXXXIII. 840; St. Teresa, II, 389; George Gyffard, *Fifteene Sermons, vpon the Song of Salomon* (London, 1598), p. 80; A. H., p. 63; Christopher Harvey, *The School of the Heart* (London, 1845), pp. 117-118.

[25] Cassiodorus, *PL*, LXX. 222. Cf. William Est, *The Triall of True Teares* (London, 1613), pp. 11, 12. For application to Magdalene, see St. Anselm, *PL*, CLVIII. 1010.

tears form a blossom of virtue in her spiritual eyes, i. e., those of her soul.[26] (The " Watry Blossom " is not a grape, but a blossom made of water; perhaps the tears are petals.) The comparison to the grape on the vine (61-64) indicates Magdalene's future state—the implied progression being the planting of the vine, the blossom, the grape, the wine, corresponding to St. Teresa's four states of prayer—and introduces the concept of the spiritual marriage. The next stanza reiterates the sentiment of V, but possibly shows the influence of St. Bernard, who speaks of God as a farmer who plants in faith, sets the roots in charity, fertilizes with penitents' tears, and thus wine abounds, gladdening the heart of man and filling the angels with joy: " The tears of penitents are their [the angels'] wine " (*PL*, CLXXXIII. 935). In repeating the joy of the angels, Crashaw may have have in mind the concept of the angels as friends of the Bridegroom, Christ,[27] thus expanding the notion of the spiritual marriage. Further, the stanza poses the paradox that although Magdalene's tears are not yet wine to the Bridegroom, they are to His friends; this second wine, moreover, is a foreshadowing of the day on which Christ will once again change water into wine, this time at His own marriage feast. And since earthly wine symbolizes " pleasures and delights of the world," [28] it follows that Magdalene would renounce the things of earth, symbolized by the Tagus,[29] because her spiritual wine will be far superior. (This renunciation is another characteristic of the second state of prayer: I, 84.) Just as the spiritual life excels worldly possessions, then, so do Magdalene's tears excel Tagus' golden stream.

Proceeding to describe Magdalene's spiritual state, the poet says in XIV that her May and April surpass nature's. The springtime here has a spiritual implication: it is the time of conversion to the Lord.[30] The " faithful flowres " of 84 are

[26] St. Teresa, II, 107; Henoch Clapham, *Three Partes of Salomon his Song of Songs, expounded* (London, 1603), p. 82; Joseph Hall, *An Open and plaine Paraphrase Upon the Song of Songs* (London, 1609), p. 34. St. Bernard equates the face of the soul and the intention of the mind (*PL*, CLXXXIII. 982).

[27] See Ainsworth, p. 37.

[28] Hall, pp. 40-41; William Gouge, *An Exposition of the Song of Solomon* (London, 1615), p. 5.

[29] Boethius, *De Cons.* III, met. 10; Skelton, " Philip Sparrow," 875-876.

[30] Gyffard, p. 80; Hall, p. 21.

the virtues of the soul, watered by the "showre" of penitent tears.[31] This is no mere repetition of what was stated by the blossom image, for this and the following stanzas emphasize the beauty of the eyes and cheeks (79-80 recalling the cheeks-roses equation of secular love poetry). Underlying this emphasis is Songs 1: 14. Crashaw, in speaking of Magdalene's cheeks, has chosen one of the two "principal seates of beauty" (Gouge, p. 12), which signify "her spirituall complexion, amiable in the eyes of Messiah" (Clapham, p. 61). That this is the underlying thought is indicated by the mention of beds and doves' eyes (85-87): Songs 1: 14-15 reads:

> Behold thou art fair, O my love, behold thou art fair, thy eyes are as those of doves.
>
> Behold thou art fair, my beloved, and comely. Our bed is flourishing.

Although physical beauty is patently being commended, it is the spiritual beauty about which Crashaw rhapsodizes, for as Theodore de Beze says, "the visage and the face is naturally as it were the looking-glasse of the heart."[32] The dove traditionally signifies simplicity and chastity,[33] and *milky* reinforces the concept of purity.[34] St. John of the Cross notes that the dove's clear and loving eyes "indicate the character of loving contemplation wherein it [the soul] looks upon God" (II, 179). A third characteristic of a dove is that it does not sing, but mourns,[35] and Magdalene's eyes mourn for her sins. Climaxing these stanzas are the final lines (89-90), which exhibit Crashaw's flair for paradox and also show, as we noted earlier, the influence of Songs 4: 12. Crashaw's allusion to this passage emphasizes the spiritual betrothal of Magdalene and her Lord.[36] So the next two stanzas portray Magdalene as Christ's lover.

[31] St. Teresa, I, 66; Gouge, p. 86.

[32] *Master Bezaes Sermons vpon the Three First Chapters of the Canticle of Canticles*, trans. Iohn Harmar (Oxford, 1587), p. 176.

[33] Hall, p. 34; Brucioli, p. 29; John Doue, *The Conversion of Solomon* (London, 1613), p. 65; Clapham quotes Matt. 10:16 to explain simplicity (p. 82).

[34] Hall, p. 55; Ainsworth, p. 42. Crashaw has here combined Songs 1:14 and 5:12.

[35] St. Bernard, *PL*, CLXXXIII. 1064; Doue, p. 234; Ainsworth, pp. 23-24, quoting Is. 38:14 (translating it as "I did mourne as a dove") and 59:11.

[36] For the distinction between the spiritual betrothal and the spiritual marriage, see St. John of the Cross, II, 89; St. Teresa, II, 264-265, 334, 335.

Here we also notice the stock in trade of the Petrarchist (including the eyes-sun metaphor in 101). Climaxing this whole second part of the poem is XVIII, continuing the secular love imagery but concluding with a reference to the Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the world. Now (105-106) we have the explicit statement that the visible physical properties which the poet has extolled are but external manifestations of Magdalene's spiritual beauty.

What Crashaw has been doing in this second part of the poem, then, is giving a thumbnail spiritual biography of St. Mary Magdalene. The cherub in V has reason to rejoice, for Magdalene has been converted to Christ, and her faith makes hers a consolatory sorrow (VI), different from worldly sorrow because of its supernatural motivation (VII); it is a sign of God's grace (VIII), which has healed the wounds caused by her sins (IX-X). Having been so favored by God, she has increased in virtue—a step toward mystical union with Christ and ultimate spiritual bliss (XI), at which the Bridegroom's friends rejoice (XII). Since she has renounced earthly goods (XIII), it is no wonder her spiritual complexion is beautiful (XIV); her love has been made pure and chaste and she is pleasing in the eyes of her Beloved (XV-XVII). In fact, since He Himself has chosen her for so high an office, other loves need not seek after her now, as formerly (XVIII).

We come in XIX to the central stanza, based upon Luke 8:12 and invested with rich spiritual connotations. The keynote for this part of the poem is struck in the word *now*; having considered the evolution of her spiritual state, the poet considers it in terms of the present and future. This brings us to the images in 112-14. First we note their rhetorical complexity: they are synedochial metaphors. If we subtract the metaphors, we find Crashaw saying that Christ is followed by two weeping eyes, and this presents no difficulty. But since Crashaw works within a tradition of copious tears, he uses a series of metaphors to indicate the profusion of Magdalene's tears. For example: one of Quarles's emblems illustrates Jer. 9: 1: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night," and Quarles himself adds the wish that his flesh were "composed of snow, / Instead of earth;

and bones of ice. . . ."[37] This emblem appeared earlier in Hugo's collection, with St. Jerome's remark appended: "If I were all dissolved to tears, and those not only some few drops, but an ocean or deluge, I should never weep enough."[38] We might note also Lam. 2: 19: "Pour out thy heart like water before the face of the Lord"; John Dove: "a world of sinne requireth an Ocean of teares" (p. 25); Markham's "Magdalene": "Oh eies gush forth your fast distilling force / Of ocean tears upon His tombe and corse" (p. 88); and Donne's request to his Lord to "Pour new seas in mine eyes" (*Holy Sonnets*, V. 7).[39] All this, however, explains only the fountains, the baths, the weeping, and the compendious oceans; we have yet to justify the troublesome other half of these images. This other half has been added, as the fountains which *follow* reveal, because of their spiritual connotations. Magdalene is a penitent sinner, but she is also on her way to spiritual perfection, and it is this twofold aspect which these images present.

Crashaw next considers Magdalene's tears in terms of spiritual wealth (XX-XXII). Tears and wealth were often associated,[40] but we shall note here only the refreshing variation on the hair-is-gold comparison in 120 (alluding, of course, to Luke 7: 38). These three stanzas, all additions to the earlier versions, have something of a time relationship: the past at the house of Simon (XX), the present while she follows Christ (XXI), and a significant blending of the present and future (XXII), especially 131-132. The development in the stanzas which follow tends to equate all time into a sort of timeless continuity. Stanza XXIII shows the influence of Jer. 9: 1, quoted above. The task in line 138 may be the work of the soul, which is the perfection of the love of God (St. John of the Cross, II, 50). The notion of timelessness is continued by XXIV; the song in line 139 is undoubtedly Magdalene's

[37] Francis Quarles, *Emblems, Divine and Moral* (London, 1845), p. 157.

[38] Herman Hugo, *Pia Desideria* (Antwerp, 1632), pp. 64-65.

[39] Popular also in the sonnet sequences; see *Delia*, XXXI. 12, XLV. 1-5; *Licia*, XXXIV. 3; *Diana*, V. viii. 5; *Phillis*, XVI. 6.

[40] See Donne, "Lovers Infinitenesse," 5-6; "A Valediction: Of Weeping," 1-4. Cf. "For al my welth es bot wepyng," in *Religious Lyrics of the Fourteenth Century*, ed. Carleton Brown (Oxford, 1924), p. 103.

sighs,[41] to which her tears keep time. The next two lines seem to identify sighs and prayer, since *lull* in 139 suggests a " sweet-breath'd " song. The incense in 142 is itself a symbol of prayer (Ps. 140: 2). The final lines climax the thought: Magdalene's tears are beads of a rosary recording her sighs of prayer. (*Stop* in 143 is the musical term.) This stanza's relation to the preceding and to the timelessness motif is clarified by Hugo's quotation from St. Augustine: " Thou art my God: I shall sigh to Thee day and night " (p. 6), by Ps. 30: 10, and by St. John of the Cross, who explains that the bride sighs in the absence of her Beloved in hope of obtaining what she lacks (II, 21).

Stanza XXV combines the motifs of timelessness and spiritual wealth. Unlike the popular Renaissance concept of Time, the Destroyer, time here does not store up treasure for oblivion (as in Shakespeare's sonnet LXV. 10), but for remembrance, for these precious tears are the very things by which we remember the weeper (developed in lines 153-154). Perhaps Crashaw was influenced by Markham's Magdalene, whose tears would have been gems unprized and destroyed by time had not her Lord, " because they still should last, / In surest caske hath them invested fast " (p. 82). Time is not the destroyer, but the preserver: Magdalene's tears are riches which have made themselves wings (Prov. 23: 5); thus Magdalene stores up treasure in heaven (Matt. 6: 20-21). These sentiments give rise to XXVI; the epitaph cannot be " so long she liued " because at death she will live forever, but " so long she greiued " because the Lamb in the midst of the throne will rule her and will lead her to the fountains of the waters of life, and God will wipe away all tears from her eyes (Rev. 7: 17). The tomb, which records Magdalene's life on earth, must record her tears, for there is no real time with her—there are only and always tears.[42] For line 151 Crashaw himself provides a

[41] " My sang es in syghyng," Brown, p. 100; A. H., p. 205; Quarles, p. 248. Applied to Magdalene, see St. Peter Chrysologus, *PL*, LII. 462.

[42] With XXVI cf. St. Augustine, who points out Magdalene's practice of penitent tears throughout her life (*PL*, XL. 1253) and remarks that penitence is not to be thought of in terms of number of years, but in the contrition in the penitent's heart (*PL*, XXXIX. 2216).

gloss; in a spiritual sense, Magdalene has spent her life being sweetly slain in "loue's delicious Fire" ("A Song," 11, 4). The relation of this to XXVII is clarified by Crashaw's hymn to St. Teresa, lines 110-117, and by that saint herself on the love of God the soul experiences: "The fragrance it experiences, we might say, is as if in those interior depths there were a brazier on which were cast sweet perfumes; the light cannot be seen, nor the place where it dwells, but the fragrant smoke and heat penetrate the entire soul, and very often . . . the effects extend even to the body" (II, 238).

His attention brought to the tears, Crashaw proceeds to address them, and this part of the poem serves as summary, as we have noted. It serves also as climax; while XXVII is a logical stopping-place, it ends on too minor a key. Further, the shift in speaker and tone is accompanied by a shift in technique. The tears speak more plainly, less mystically than the poet. Crashaw posed a problem in 17-18, which he resolved in the stanzas which follow and then elaborated in the rest of the poem, but this resolution is not final. In XXVIII-XXIX he repeats the problem (especially in lines 170-172), and the tears answer with an air of finality. It is a reappraisal of the value the poet has set upon the tears, a sort of self-justification of poetic fancy by concrete fact. It is no longer a poet's meditation upon Magdalene's weeping because she loves God, but an explicit statement of purpose, heightened by a negative development of the argument, ending in a concrete, fleshly image. Concrete and fleshly, yet connoting the deep religious mystery of the God-Man. In his poem, then, Crashaw generalizes in I-V upon Magdalene's spiritual state: she is on the way to perfection, having repented of her sins. In VI-XVIII he traces the steps by which she arrived at this spiritual state. The center of the poem is XIX, where she is extolled as both the penitent sinner and the follower of Christ: this sums up the preceding stanzas and gives rise to further development in XX-XXVII in temporal terms, with an air of timelessness from its continuity. Finally, having addressed the eyes up to this point, Crashaw turns to the tears, and they, in answer, confirm that Magdalene has renounced all earthly things for

Christ. And so the poem ends on a note of quiet triumph. As we look over the poem, we must remember St. Teresa's warning, which occurs after the passage quoted above: "Observe—and understand me here—that no heat is felt, nor is any fragrance perceived: it is a more delicate thing than that; I only put it that way so that you may understand it" (II, 238). This might well be Crashaw's apology for his technique in "The Weeper."

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# CAIN, ABEL, AND JOYCE

By J. Mitchell Morse

In *Dubliners*, the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* Joyce rejects the church because of its materialism; in *Finnegans Wake*, finally, he rejects its spiritual base also. In the first three books he will have no gods before himself; in the fourth he accepts the role of Cain, an admittedly shady Promethean. The changed feeling is hinted at in the *Portrait*, when Stephen conceives himself as "the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being" (196).[1] The being is of course "the uncreated conscience" of his race (299), the Pseudo-Dionysius' uncreated Creator, Aristotle's unmoved mover; but there is an overtone of mockery in the passage, for it recalls the youthful Augustine and his evil companions, "desiring to be cleansed from these defilements, by carrying food to those who were called 'elect' and 'holy,' out of which, in the workhouse of their stomachs, they should forge for us Angels and Gods, by whom we might be cleansed."[2] For Joyce the holy ones are the artists, who create themselves as gods. In *Ulysses* the blasphemy is carried further: Mr. Deasy, *e. g.*, hates the Jews because, as he says, "they sinned against the light"—the light that falls on him like golden coins (34, 37)—and Stephen,

[1] Throughout this article, the numbers in parentheses refer to pages in Joyce's texts. I have used the Modern Library editions of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York, 1928) and *Ulysses* (New York, 1934), and the Viking Press edition of *Finnegans Wake* (New York, 1939). I identify both Stephen Dedalus and Shem with Joyce—a view for which there is ample evidence. *E. g.*, in Herbert Gorman's *James Joyce* (New York, 1948), the signed quotations from Joyce's notebooks, pp. 95-99, 133-135, indicate that Stephen's aesthetic theory was Joyce's own; and in *Finnegans Wake* the description of Shem contains a number of unmistakable autobiographical allusions. Thus, the exiled Shem "used to stipple endlessly inartistic portraits of himself" (182), and despite his "aisling vision" pretended to read "his usylessly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles" (179), an obscene production "not protected by copriright in the United Stars of Ourania" (184). Joyce's failure to win the Feis Ceoil singing contest in 1904 is humorously alluded to (180); so are his efforts to teach the names of the colors to "his educandees" in "the beerlitz" (182). Etc.

[2] *Confessions*, IV, 1, Pusey trans. (London, Everyman, 1924), p. 50. The word which Pusey translates "workhouse" is *officina*, workshop.

by smashing the light in the brothel (567-568), identifies himself with the Jews. Here again, however, it is against materialism that he rebels: he smashes the light not because it is a light but because it is part of the equipment of a brothel. Throughout *Ulysses* and its predecessors, Joyce is like those saints whose reckless piety offends the prescriptions and proscriptions of orthodoxy; with *Finnegans Wake* he disavows piety also. As an artist, after a long struggle to become godlike by refining himself out of existence, he accepts the judgment of Justius—"anarch, egoarch" (188)—and identifies himself with the first outcast. As a symptom of the atmosphere of our time this is as dubious as it is obvious; as an indication of Joyce's impiety it should be sufficient answer to those critics who would make him an unaffiliated Christian, a moralist in any accepted sense of the term, or even a disinterested artist.

His conception of Cain as a suffering titan and Abel as a belly-patting philistine parallels that of Baudelaire in "Abel et Caïn"; but Joyce is humorous where Baudelaire is merely bitter. Joyce has mastered the pain of apostasy enough to make use of it through pity and laughter alike. This sounds sentimental, but I know of no more accurate words. Shem frankly calls himself "Pariah, cannibal Cain" (193), and mocks his brother: "I cain but are you able?" (287). Shaun, "Immaculatus, . . . Altrues, . . . a chum of the angelets, . . . that mothersmothered model, that goodlooker without a flaw whose spiritual toilettes were the talk of half the town" (191), is a "heavybuilt Abelbody" (63), "raumybult and abelboobied" (416); he rightly suspects that Shem's book (which he thumbs through in a few seconds) is "all about crime and libel" (419), and accordingly threatens to "do a whisper drive" (193) against the author:

> For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell
> (bis) That's able to raise a Cain (47).[3]

[3] A "true spell" is a *Treuspiel* or confidence game, to which Cain will not rise—*i. e.*, for which he will not fall. Connacht was the first center of Irish nationalism; but its king, Rory O'Conor, was the first to legalize English rule, and various treacheries were subsequently perpetrated there. As the seat of Tara, it may also be construed as Paradise. *Cf.* Tom Ireland, *Ireland Past and Present* (New York, 1922), pp. 44, 74, 131, 159.

This romantic conception, developed by Gessner, Byron and others, Joyce modified and strengthened by blending with it the orthodox Catholic view. This is not to say that he was orthodox in any sense, but that his unorthodoxy was grounded in a sure knowledge of the doctrines he disavowed and a not unsympathetic understanding of the attitudes he opposed. Saint Anselm, for example, in his third and sixteenth meditations, laments the sins of his youth in a way that Joyce can only have found sympathetic: "Alas! from what height have you fallen, to what depth have you plunged! Woe! what benignity have you contemned, what malignity have you embraced! What have you done, O conscious madness, mad foulness, foul wickedness, what have you done? . . . My God, where have I gone? where have I fled? where have I hidden? Cast out from before Thy face like Cain, I have lived a vagabond and a fugitive in the earth, and whoever finds me shall slay me!"[4] Anselm's life was similar in many ways to that of Joyce, his temperament had points of similarity, and his euphuistic rhetoric, his capering logic and his emotional extravagance must have appealed to the artist as a young man. But the appeal was limited. Saint Anselm was no Shaun by any means; nevertheless, he became Archbishop of Canterbury, a fighter for ecclesiastical autonomy, and a champion of unreasoning orthodoxy: "If one can understand [the faith] rationally, let him thank God; if he can't, let him not announce the fact with a flourish of trumpets but bow his head in reverence."[5] To that way of life Joyce brought, as he said, "the spirit of an acute sympathetic alien."[6] Having experienced sin, fear and trembling, repentance, forgiveness, grace and amendment, he deliberately rejected that way of life.[7] Like the young Moses in *Ulysses*, he would not bow his head

[4] Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, CLVIII, 726 C, 793 A-B: "Heu! de quam sublimi cecidisti, in quam profundum corruisti! Vae! quam benignum contempsisti, quam maligno te junxisti! Quid fecisti, O mentis amentia, amens spurcitia, spurca nequitia, quid fecisti? . . . Deus meus, quo abii? quo fugi? quo evasi? Ejectus a facie tua sicut Cain, habitavi in terra vagus et profugus, et quicunque invenerit me, occidet me."

[5] Migne, *P.L.*, CLVIII, 263 C: "Si potest intelligere, Deo gratias agat; si non potest, non immittat cornua ad ventilandum, sed submittat caput ad venerandum."

[6] *Stephen Hero* (New York, 1944), p. 73.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 57. *Cf.* the *Portrait*, Chs. III-IV.

or bow his will (141). But his artist's pride did not preclude—rather it required—the most ruthless self-knowledge. His unorthodoxy therefore was not of any traditional kind. He was not a thorough-going Promethean. As Justius justly observed in *Finnegans Wake*, Mercius was "of twosome twiminds forenenst gods, hidden and discovered"; his kingdom was "disunited," his soul vacuous and "most intensely doubtful" (188). It was his insistence on the open mind, on the right to leave questions unanswered rather than accept official answers, that offended both religion and society. This attitude, rather than any body of doctrine, was his heresy. It is a homelessness both wilful and wistful. The conversations of the Mookse and the Gripes, the Ondt and the Gracehoper, and Justius and Mercius (unlike those of Hermes and Prometheus, Megaera and Tantalus, Uriel and Satan, the bee and the spider, and other messengers and exiles, which they superficially resemble) show that Shem never quite managed to shake off the burden of guilt laid on him by public opinion—which is to say that to some extent he sympathized with Shaun's view. As a person of insight, and as an artist using the most social of all media, language, he could not very well do otherwise. Though he sardonically calls the bland Burrus "A king off duty and a jaw forever" (162), he admits (with a stammer because of the moses in his sole) (167) that Caseous stinks: "Cheesugh! you complain. And Hi Hi High must say you are not Hoa Hoa Hoally in the wrong!" (163)[8] This is the burden of Joyce's medieval training; it informs not only the specific references to Cain and Abel but all passages dealing with Shem and Shaun under whatever names. The references to Cain and Abel in Migne's indices to the Latin fathers direct us (without turning us pale) to many orthodox commentaries; a few examples will suffice to show how closely Joyce follows the line—and to what an unorthodox end. It is the unorthodoxy of God before the Grand Inquisitor, but it is also the admitted wickedness of Cain.

The death of Abel, according to all orthodox interpreters, prefigures the death of Christ; Abel accordingly is the archetype

[8] Caseous is here identified with Jesus.

of the Christians and Cain of the Jews;[9] Abel, of all good,[10] just,[11] innocent [12] and humble [13] men, of the Christian martyrs,[14] and of the church;[15] Cain, of all wicked, proud, unjust, impatient men, of heretics,[16] and of those who are concerned with this world rather than the next.[17] Saint Ambrose sums up the position:

Under the names of the two brothers, two types of people, two contrary ways of life contend with each other. Those of one party believe that their own minds are the authors of all reason, all meaning and all suggestion; that is to say, they ascribe all discoveries and inventions to human ingenuity. Those of the other party defer to God, creator and mover of all things, and

[9] Saint Ambrose, *De Cain et Abel* (Migne, *P.L.*, XIV, 318 A-B): "Haec figura Synagogae et Ecclesiae in his duobus fratribus ante praecessit Cain et Abel. Per Cain parricidalis populus intelligitur Judaeorum . . . Per Abel autem intelligitur Christianus adhaerens Deo." This idea is repeated by every author I have looked into.

[10] Isidore, Bishop of Seville, *Allegoriae Quaedam Sacrae Scripturae* (Migne, *P.L.*, LXXXIII, 99 A): "Abel, pastor ovium, Christi tenuit typum, qui est verus, et bonus pastor."

[11] Saint Cyprian of Carthage, *De Oratione Dominica* (Migne, *P.L.*, IV, 553 B-554 A): "Abel pacificus et justus . . . qui et justitiam Domini habuerat et pacem." Saint Paschasius Radbertus, *Expositio in Matthaeum*, IX, 20 (Migne, *P.L.*, CXX, 674 D): ". . . ab Abel justo usque ad illum ultimum electum qui in fine mundi venturus est colligitur."

[12] Saint Maxim, *Homilia LV* (Migne, *P.L.*, LVII, 355 C): "Abel justus . . . et innocens . . ."

[13] Saint Cyprian, *De Bono Patientiae* (Migne, *P.L.*, IV, 652 C): "Abel, adversus fratrem fraticidam non resistit nec reluctatur, sed humilis et mitis patienter occiditur."

[14] Saint Cyprian, *Epistola LVI* (Migne, *P.L.*, IV, 363 A-B): "Imitemur, fratres dilectissimi, Abel justum, qui initiavit martyria dum propter justitiam primus occiditur." Saint Paulinus of Nola, *Epistola XXXIII* (Migne, *P.L.*, LXI, 359 A): "Ab initio saeculorum Christus in omnibus suis patitur. Ipse est initium et finis, qui . . . in Abel occisus a fratre, . . . et multis ac variis beatorum martyrum crucibus frequenter occisus."

[15] Saint Maxim, *Homilia LV* (Migne, *P.L.*, LVII, 355 B-C): "Ab initio saeculi et praedicta sunt oraculis, et praefigurata mysteriis. . . . Itaque in Domini nostra persona, . . . ex hujus sacro latere ac salutari vulnere Ecclesia omnium fidelium parens reparanda monstratur. In ejus typo Abel justus occiditur."

[16] Saint Philastrius, *Liber de Haeresibus*, CXXXI (Migne, *P.L.*, XII, 1261 A): "Sunt haeretici contraria sentientes libro Geneseos, quo Dominus dixerit ad Cain: *Peccasti, quiesce.*" Cf. Ambrose, *De Incarnationis Dominicae Sacramento*, II (Migne, *P.L.*, XVI, 821 A): "Adversus omnes igitur haereses ista sententia est." He specifies the Arians, Sabellians, Manichaeans, Valentinians and Donatists.

[17] *The City of God*, XV, 1 (Marcus Dods trans., New York, Modern Library, 1950), pp. 478-479.

submit in all things to the governance of their divine parent and guide. The former are signified by Cain, the latter by Abel. These two types were created by one spirit, conceived in one womb and born as brothers; but they are contraries, since they were born with different and antagonistic minds. Assuredly such enemies can never live as one family.[18]

Cain was of course the founder of the first city, and his descendants were the first inventors and discoverers (Genesis 4:17-22). The Eternal City also was founded by a fratricide. In fact, says Saint Augustine, the City of Man is at war with the City of God; [19] Isidore, Bishop of Seville, says, "Enoch, son of Cain, in whose name his father founded the city, signifies the impious who are given to this life"; [20] and Rupert, Abbot of Tuitium, concluding his commentary on the story, says, "Lastly, it is to be noted that the occasion for building the first earthly city was homicide. For Cain had killed his brother and had thus become hateful to all, a vagabond and a fugitive in the earth; therefore he built a city where he might take refuge, having turned away from the face of God and having no share in His celestial city." [21] It may be that the fratricide offers mankind the gifts of civilization, as Erich Fromm has maintained, by way of expiating a sense of guilt; [22] in any case, anti-urbanism seems to be universal. God made the country,

[18] *De Cain et Abel*, I, 4 (Migne, *P.L.*, XIV, 317 B-C): "Duae itaque sectae sunt sub duorum fratrum nomine compugnantes invicem, et contrariae sibi. Ubi quae totum menti suae deputat tamquam principali, et quasi quidam cogitationis, et sensus, et motus omnis auctori; hoc est, quae omnes inventiones humano ascribit ingenio. Altera quae tamquam operatori et creatori omnium Deo defert, et ejus tamquam parentis atque rectoris subdit omnia gubernaculo. Illa prior, Cain significatur; haec posterior, Abel dicitur. Has duas sectas una anima parturit; et ideo germanae habentur, quod uno fundantur utero: sed contrariae sunt; quia oportet eas cum quodam animae partu editae fuerint, dividi ac separari. Compugnantibus enim hospitium unum perpetuo esse non potest."

[19] *The City of God*, XV, 5, pp. 482-483.

[20] *Allegoriae Quaedam Sacrae Scripturae* (Migne, *P.L.*, LXXXIII, 99 A): "Enoch, filius Cain, in cujus nomine pater condidit civitatem, significat impios in hac tantum vita esse fundatos."

[21] *De Trinitate et Operibus Ejus* (Migne, *P.L.*, CLXVII, 336 B): "Notandum tandem quod prima terrenarum civitatum causa homicidium sit. Nam quia Cain fratrem suum occiderat, et ob hoc omnibus odiosus, vagusque et profugus super terram erat, idcirco civitatem qua tutaretur aedificavit, egressus, id est profectus a facie Domini, nec habens sortem in civitate ejus coelesti."

[22] Cf. *Finnegans Wake*, p. 94: "framm Sin fromm Son, acity arose."

we sing, man made the town. Abraham distrusted cities, and Lot fled them to save his innocence, though there is probably a moral of a different kind in the fact that after he reached the country (as my former student Charles Mann says) he lived the life of an Erskine Caldwell character. But we tend to forgive him (1) because he didn't know what he was doing and (2) because after all it was the only practical thing to do. The root of all evil is consciousness, intelligence, deliberate choice, the exercise of which is essentially an act of usurpation or at least an expression of dissatisfaction with the divine arrangements. This was the basic vice of Cain, which he inherited from his parents.[23] Adam was not content with Paradise.[24] In the most innocent of all possible worlds, he perversely sought moral insight; as long as the Garden afforded none it did not meet his requirements, because in the state of innocence he himself did not meet his requirements. Innocence and insight come from within, and he who will have one must forgo the other. That is the native quirk of our species. The original sin was intellectual curiosity, the quality that set Adam apart from the other animals. It alienated him from nature, which asks no questions and tells itself no lies. The peculiarly human quality is inherently sinful: to be fully human is to be cast out from grace. The glory of God is manifest in the physical grace of animals; man's alienation shows in his very walk, and whatever inward grace or glory he may achieve by intense thought is not apparent to the rest of nature. In lonely madness he struggles inwardly to create his own soul. This is the hell into which, of his own free will, the creative spirit plunges from the Garden. His wisdom is the devil's wisdom. The first individualist was the Light-Bearer; it was inevitable that he should become the Enemy. The theoretical physicist, the creative philosopher or philologist, we regard with superstitious awe, and laugh away our fear by calling them eggheads or longhairs. (In the dull lexicon of retardation the

[23] Tertullian, *De Patientia*, V (Migne, *P.L.*, I, 1258 A): "Quod enim ipsum Adam et Evam morti immiserat, docuit et filium ab homicido incipere. Frustra istud impatientiae adscripserim, si Cain ille primus homicida, et primus fratricida, oblationes suas a Domino recusatas aequanimiter nec impatienter tulit."

[24] *Cf.* Michel Carrouges, *La Mystique du Surhomme* (Paris, 1948), pp. 17, 326-327.

terms are synonymous.) We feel instinctively that they are unsound. We itch to investigate their un-American activities. They are Shem, the Enemy. But we rush to buy the books of the inspirational "philosopher" and the prestige-vending "grammarian," and for the engineer who applies physical theory we compete with display ads in *The New York Times*. We feel instinctively that they are sound. They are Shaun, the People's Friend.

Joyce is for the Enemy, who is after all our only real friend. Shem, having been toed and shooed off the gorgeous premises of all respectable people, even in the Land of Nod (181), excommunicated (173, 181) and self-exiled in upon his ego (184), moaning like Cain "that his pawdry's purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could bear" (177), shuts himself up in his house O'Shame and plagiarizes the pelagian heresy by the dancing light phantastic of his gnose's luciferous glow (182). He freely admits that he is dirty, smelly, unsocial and generally undesirable, and that he envies Shaun's popularity. So much for orthodoxy. But this is private self-knowledge, not conventional confession to an authorized minister of grace. Practically all the medieval commentators call Abel "just" and Cain "envious," [25] and several assert that the fratricide compounded his sin by not confessing it when God gave him the opportunity.[26] In *Finnegans Wake*, Justius (a public virtue) accuses Mercius (a private virtue) of having killed his ittle brupper (Justius) because of envy and also "to see how his innards worked" (191).[27] He advises Mercius to hide and invites him to confess (188), but Mercius, ignoring the accusation, the invitation and the advice, communes with himself to see how his own innards work. Justius is not only unmerciful but unjust; but Mercius is certainly unsocial.

[25] Alcuin, *Commentaria in S. Joannis Evangelium* (Migne, *P.L.*, C, 768 B): "In primum aetate saeculi, Abel justum frater invidens occidit." *Cf.* Augustine, *loc. cit.*

[26] Ambrose, *De Cain et Abel*, I, 4 (Migne, *P.L.*, XIV, 353 B-355 A): "Omnia docet Deus. Primum ne pecces, ut in Adam monuit: secundo, si pecces, quiescas, ut in Cain doceris. . . . Confessio enim poenarum compendium est. . . . Est quaedam in peccatis verecundia, et poenitentiae portio crimen fateri, nec derivare culpam, sed recognoscere. Mitigat judicem pudor reorum, excitat autem pertinacia denegantium."

[27] There is precedent for portraying Justice as a prig, in Spenser's Artegall.

The brothers " are in such transfusion," Joyce admits, that it is hard to tell " who is artthoudux from whose heterotropic " (252),[28] but one thing neither he nor Shem will ever admit is that Shaun is qualified to give intellectual or moral guidance. Animal charm is not enough. " Poor, good, true, Jaun," sigh the Rainbow Girls (431); but all his claims are false; he lacks every quality ascribed to Abel. In the person of the Mookse he is an authoritarian who can conceive of no human relationship but that of domination and submission; the heretical Gripes is much more charitable. In full Papal panoply the Mookse goes for a walk in the woods, believing himself to be a god; like the mercenary Xenophon, parsec for parasang, he marches to the river of life, whose muddiness he tries to stare away. He answers the Gripes' polite greeting with arrogant rudeness and threatens to turn him over to the secular arm for the *peine forte et dure* (152-155). The Gripes' tragedy is that he can neither deny the Mookse's emotional appeal nor surrender his own intellectual independence. To the Mookse's demand, " Will you give you up? " he replies with humanistic equivocation: " If I connow make my submission, I cannos give you up " (154). This is much too subtle for the Mookse. All the understanding, and all the self-respect too, are on the side of the defeated Gripes.

When the amenities require it, however, the Abel type pretends humility: " How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace," says Shaun. A mailman is a messenger or angel; but the Word is God. Shaun, protesting his submission, tells more truth than he knows. His humility rings false in every article. He pretends to be fond of Shem, with whom, he suggests, he once lived in a relationship like that of Beaumont and Fletcher: " I'm an everdevoting fiend of his. . . . I ought not to laugh with him on this stage, but he' such a game loser! I lift my disk to him " (408).[29] Nonetheless,

[28] The " artthoudux," who questions the leader's leadership, is unorthodox; the " heterotropic," who is oriented toward others, is a conformist. He anticipates David Riesman's " other-directed " personality!

[29] Shaun unwittingly reveals himself. " Fiend " is of course a Freudian slip for " friend." " With " has its original sense of " at " or " against." " Game loser " means not only " good loser " but " one who loses games." (Recall the laughter of the Ondt.) " Disk," in this context, means " hat "; but the word is

Chuff warns the Rainbow Girls not to harbor the outcast Glugg: "Though down to your dowerstrip he's bent to knee he maunt know ledgings here" (233). The girls are completely taken in by "the just one, their darling" (470): "Dear Shaun," they call him, "good boy," "salve a tour," "honest Shaun," "Shaun honey," "dear dogmestic Shaun," "frank Shaun," "kind Shaun," "Shaun illustrious," "thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace," "strong Shaun O'," "ingenious Shaun," and "able Shaun" (409-413, 421-427). Nevertheless he falls asleep in the middle of his after-dinner speech (426). Our wide-awake author calls him "Pure Yawn" (474).

But Joyce's unorthodoxy and impiety are most unmistakable in the Feeble of the Ondt and the Gracehoper, where the implications of Shaun's Freudian slip, "fiend" for "friend," are developed. *Ondt*, as Tyndall has pointed out, is Danish for *evil*,[30] and the Ondt's *haine* reaches to Heaven (416). This is devilish; however, since he is raumybult and abelboobied (in much the same way as the Emperor of Lilliput), it may be assumed that he stands for Abel, and the vagabond Gracehoper for Cain. The Ondt lolls on his lazy throne, "sated before his comfortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o' monkynous and a confucion of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller)" (417). The silver plate of monkeynuts turns out to be Platonic-monkish *nous* or early medieval Christian Neo-Platonism; "minthe" is the Greek *Minthē*, paramour of Hades, who according to one version of her story was a rival of Persephone and according to another version was Persephone herself. In the first version, Hades rescued her from a beating at the hands of his jealous wife by turning her into a plant, mint, which the Greeks believed to be an aphrodisiac; in the second version Persephone was said to stay in the underworld not by constraint but by choice, being under a spell of love, and to return to the world reluctantly in the form of the hot little herb. Gruppe says of this and other aphrodisiacs, "These plants were regarded as the home of the demon who kindles the

cognate with "dish," and means among other things the surface containing the oral cavity in several low forms of life.

[30] W. Y. Tindall, *James Joyce* (New York, 1950), p. 80.

fire of love." [31] Commenting on this identification of love with death, Arthur Bernard Cook says, "The Greeks of old aspired to an actual marriage-union with the deities of the underworld. . . . Every man would one day enter the bridal chamber of Persephone, every woman that of Hades. . . . In the embrace of Persephone the dead man becomes the chthonian king. Borne off by Hades the dead woman becomes the chthonian queen." Such beliefs were of course the heart of the mystery cults, and their medieval Christian analogue was expressed in such poems as "Quia Amore Langueo" and Thomas Hales' "A Luve Ron." But not until Joyce did anyone identify the Christian God with Hades. The Ondt claims also to be a sour ascetic and a teetotal Aristotelian. Here is confusion indeed!—for as Cook points out, "Aristotle denied the possibility of love (*philía*) between man and God." [32] He also denied the value of asceticism. The last confusion in this phullupsuppical hash is the decorous humanism of Confucius, whose nearest analogue in medieval Christendom was probably John of Salisbury.

So much for the Ondt's qualification for intellectual leadership. As the Gracehoper observes, he occupies a lot of space but he can't beat time. He is just as little qualified for moral leadership. His anthem is *Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriam*; he cordially invites the starving Gracehoper to partake of his *largesse—i.e.*, of his greatness, his wisdom, and his pasture ("mine wideheight")—and laughs until he almost chokes at his own wit. The weeping Gracehoper forgives him, explains to him the meaning of their relationship, and wishes him well. Again, all the faith, hope, charity and understanding are with Cain. The fact that Abel recites a fable so discreditable to himself indicates clearly that he doesn't understand it (416). But it is his role to deliver messages he doesn't understand.

In *Finnegans Wake*, Abel is always the aggressor and Cain the victim. Glugg, "the bold bad bleak boy of the story-

[31] I owe the whole account of *minthē*, including this quotation, to the Pauly *Real-Encyclopädie der Classischen Altertumswissenschaft*.

[32] For this and the preceding quotation, *cf.* Arthur Bernard Cook, *Zeus: A Study in Ancient Religion* (Cambridge, England, 1914-25-40), II, 1163-1167. It is worth noting that this volume, published in 1925, bears the subtitle "God of the Dark Sky (Thunder and Lightning)."

books, who, . . . because he knew to mutch, has been divorced into disgrace court," makes naughty overtures to the Rainbow Girls: " Beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my call for me I will wishyoumaycull for you "; his brother Chuff, " the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the fairytales," whose " soard fleshed light like likening," puts a stop to it, and Glugg, like Saint Cyprian's Abel, meekly submits: " Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre accusant, from all Saint Joan's Wood to kill or maim him, and be dumm but ill s'arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one the his trifle from the grass " (219-223). The allusions in this scene are unmistakably heretical in their drift. Hugh and Owen Roe O'Neill were the most notable fighters for Irish independence in Elizabeth's time; with their deaths, the resistance collapsed. Owen is said to have died from the prick of a poisoned nail deliberately placed in his shoe; Hugh died an exile in Rome, warmly welcomed by the Pope but in his last years blind.[33] The devilish Glugg is recommending himself to the girls as an Abelbodied leader, a Catholic martyr, and a gentleman. The evangelion is evidently from a French account of Joan of Arc. I have not found an exact parallel, but Chapelain's *La Pucelle* narrates a number of similar encounters—*e. g.*, in Cantos III, X and XII—and Voltaire's parody, *La Pucelle d'Orléans*, is full of them. Saint Joan's Wood is mentioned in the official record of the trial of Saint Joan: " There is also a wood, called the oak-wood, . . . which can be seen from her father's door; . . . she has heard from her brother that in the country around it is said she received her message at the tree; but she says she did not, and told him quite the contrary." [34] After such an explicit denial, the fact that Chuff comes from the wood shows what a false little angel he is. His sword makes the light of Heaven a killer, for " likening " is a mirror, which in folk belief is widely regarded as an instrument of death.[35] Glugg meets this threat by offering

[33] *Ireland Past and Present*, pp. 130-156.

[34] W. P. Barrett trans., *The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc* (New York, 1932), pp. 55, 154. Since Joyce's language here suggests French, " all Saint " suggests Toussaint, another fighter for national independence who was betrayed.

[35] James G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough* (London, 1913-1915), II, 92-96. *Cf.*

him "the his trifle from the grass," *leçon trufe de la grâce*, a trifling lesson in grace—to wit, a truffle, which in Old French was a trifle, and which in the sixteenth century, according to a quotation in the NED, was believed to "haue power of Chastity, and to subdue the flesh." This is mockery, and not pious mockery. There can be no doubt that in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce is on the side of the devils. His use of the materials of orthodoxy should not be misconstrued. He uses them in much the same way that Marx uses Hegel and the devil quotes Scripture.

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my article, "The Unity of the Revesby Sword Play," *PQ*, XXXIII, 1 (Jan. 1954), 83, n. 15.

# THE WATERS OF ANNIHILATION
## DOUBLE VISION IN *TO THE LIGHTHOUSE*

By Norman Friedman

> So much depends then, thought Lily Briscoe, looking at the sea, which had scarcely a strain on it, . . . upon distance: whether people are near us or far from us (p. 284).*

While there is general agreement that *To the Lighthouse* centers on questions of order and chaos, permanence and change, intellection and intuition, male and female, critical unanimity disappears in the actual tracing out of these themes and the analysis of the patterns of imagery evoking them. Thus, for example, it is clear that the simultaneous completion of Lily Briscoe's painting and the arrival of Mr. Ramsay, James, and Cam at the Lighthouse are somehow functioning together to finish the book, but no two commentators have agreed as to what that function *means* as an ending of what has gone before. One claims that Mr. Ramsay is undergoing a transition from his former intellectual personality to a newly discovered intuitive view;[1] another that Lily is moving from a concern with form (art) to a concern with content (life);[2] still another sees a shift from time to the timeless;[3] while a fourth sees an allegory of Christ's Ascension, involving a movement from the god of Wrath to the God of Mercy;[4] yet another sees a transition from egoism to selflessness;[5] while a sixth thinks of this simultaneous convergence as a clumsy device which resolves nothing.[6] These examples could be multiplied,

* The page references throughout are to the Harbrace Modern Classics edition.

[1] S. H. Derbyshire, "An Analysis of Mrs. Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*," *Coll. Eng.*, III (1942), 353-360.

[2] Cf. Dorothy M. Hoare, *Some Studies in the Modern Novel* (London, 1938), pp. 53-61, and John Hawley Roberts, "'Vision and Design' in Virginia Woolf," *PMLA*, LXI (1946), 835-847.

[3] Dayton Kohler, "Time in the Modern Novel," *Coll. Eng.*, X (1948), 15-24.

[4] F. L. Overcarsh, "The Lighthouse, Face to Face," *Accent*, X (1950), 107-123.

[5] David Daiches, *Virginia Woolf* (London, 1945), pp. 84-88.

[6] D. S. Savage, *The Withered Branch* (London, 1950), pp. 87-96; and Deborah Newton, *Virginia Woolf* (Melbourne, 1946), pp. 37-40.

For further comments on this novel see also Winifred Holtby, *Virginia Woolf*

but the dominant tendency is clear: to interpret the thematic conflict—whatever it may be—as an antithesis of two mutually exclusive terms, one of which must be rejected in favor of the other. The trip to the Lighthouse, in other words, is too often seen as a one-way ride.

But since the symbolism of the book as well as its structure suggests a rather different set of possibilities, there still seems to be room for an interpretive framework comprehensive enough to embrace them. A single view, an either-or strategy, will hardly prove adequate for dealing with the multiplicity of points of view through which each character is seen in the first section, the descending and ascending movement of the second section, and the shifting simultaneity of event which shapes the third. In order to discern here the intricate web of image, attitude, and idea which Mrs. Woolf has woven on her four-dimensional loom, the critic must develop a more complex tactic.

## I

"Subject and object and the nature of reality," Andrew had replied to Lily's question about the content of his father's books (p. 38), and it is exactly this problem which works its way through the novel on three perceptible levels: human relations, metaphysics, and aesthetics. Thus, although Mr. Ramsay's problem is technically an epistemological one, the novel itself can also be seen to have been built around the problem of how the known looks to the knower: of one person

(London, 1932), pp. 137-160; Edwin Muir, "Virginia Woolf," *Bookman*, LXXIV (1931), 362-367; Joseph Warren Beach, "Virginia Woolf," *Eng. Jour.*, XXVI (1937), 603-612; R. L. Chambers, *The Novels of Virginia Woolf* (London and Edinburgh, 1947), pp. 29-35; Bernard Blackstone, *Virginia Woolf: A Commentary* (New York, 1949), pp. 100-130; James Southall Wilson, "Time and Virginia Woolf," *Virg. Quar. Rev.*, XVIII (1942), 267-276; Joan Bennett, *Virginia Woolf: Her Art as a Novelist* (New York, 1945), pp. 118-119; William Troy, "Virginia Woolf: The Novel of Sensibility," *Symposium*, III (1932), 53-63, 153-166; L. B. S., "Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*," *Explicator*, VIII (Nov. 1949), Q. 2; Charles G. Hoffman, "Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*," *Explicator*, X (Nov. 1951), 13; H. K. Russell, "Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*," *Explicator*, VIII (March 1950), 38; Conrad Aiken, "The Novel as a Work of Art," *Dial*, LXXXIII (1927), 41-44; N. Elizabeth Monroe, "The Inception of Mrs. Woolf's Art," *Coll. Eng.*, II (1940), 217-230; William York Tindall, "Many-leveled Fiction: Virginia Woolf to Ross Lockridge," *Coll. Eng.*, X (1948), 65-71; and John Hawley Roberts, "Toward Virginia Woolf," *Virg. Quar. Rev.*, X (1934), 587-602.

to another, of nature to man, and of life to the artist. Further, the over-all quality of this relationship may be subsumed under the headings of order, a triumph over life's meaningless flux, and chaos, a giving way to its all but irresistible force or a blank confrontation of its stark emptiness.

The point is, as we shall see, that a dialectic order is achieved by those who manage to focus their apprehension of the nature of reality simultaneously from two different perspectives—that of subject, or involvement in flux, and that of object, or detachment therefrom—and that "the nature of reality," through which one must pass in making his transition from one perspective to the other, finds its image in *water* as a symbol of surrender. From whatever viewpoint one regards life (thesis), then, whether it be that of the detached philosopher ironically contemplating from a height man's smudge and his smell, or that of the busy mother and housewife frantically involved in the fever and fret of daily routine, one must give it up in favor of the other (antithesis), becoming immersed in the waters of transition, and emerging with a double perspective (synthesis). To lose this perilous balance, to keep out of the wet, is ultimately to give way to the chaos of a black and lonely darkness on the one side or to the disorder of a terrifying and senseless force on the other.

An interesting passage in which this theme of the double vision and its accompanying water imagery occurs is found almost half-way through the book:

> Brooding, she changed the pool into the sea, and made the minnows into sharks and whales, and cast vast clouds over this tiny world by holding her hand against the sun, . . . and then took her hand away suddenly and let the sun stream down. . . . And then, letting her eyes slide imperceptibly above the pool and rest on that wavering line of sea and sky, . . . she became with all that power sweeping savagely in and inevitably withdrawing, hypnotised, and the two senses of that vastness and this tininess (the pool had diminished again) flowering within it made her feel that she was bound hand and foot and unable to move by the intensity of feelings which reduced her own body, her own life, and the lives of all the people in the world, for ever, to nothingness (Nancy: pp. 114-115).

Section one deals chiefly with the first level—the relation

of self to other—and it soon becomes evident that no one single trait or characteristic of a person can be seized upon and cherished as a way of "knowing" him or her. Mrs. Ramsay, for example, is a charmingly warm and beautiful woman, yet annoyingly concerned with ordering the lives of others (many of her circle resent her mania for marriage); although she is maternal, intuitive, involved in life's common cares, and capable of an unreasoning fear when she allows herself to dwell upon the tragic fragility of human life, she nevertheless is capable also of a triumphantly mystical detachment wherein life's inscrutable mystery appears ordered and revealed. And the significance of her portrayal, as it emerges from the attitudes of others toward her as well as from her own broodings, is that the truth about Mrs. Ramsay encompasses both these aspects of her personality.

Or consider Mr. Ramsay: he is a self-dramatizing domestic tyrant, yet he is also admirable as a lone watcher at the dark frontiers of human ignorance. A detached and lonely philosopher, he nevertheless craves the creative contact of wife and children; grim, yet optimistic; austere, yet fearful for his reputation, petty and selfish, yet capable of losing himself completely in a novel by Scott; aloof, yet he thrives on the simple company and fare of humble fishermen.

Lily likewise is a complex figure: a spinster disinterested in ordinary sexual attachments, she is nevertheless capable of a fierce outburst of love; an artist perpetually terrified by a blank canvas, she still manages to approach a solution to the complex problem of the art-life relationship. Mr. Bankes, to consider another, is an unselfish friend and a dedicated scientist, yet he is also a cranky food-faddist; a self-sufficient bachelor, he is nevertheless a lonely widower craving the affection of children. Or again, Charles Tansley is an irritating and self-centered pedant, yet he is also a sympathetic human being—a complexity which Mrs. Ramsay herself sums up: "Yet he looked so desolate; yet she would feel relieved when he went; yet she would see that he was better treated tomorrow; yet he was admirable with her husband; yet his manners certainly wanted improving; yet she liked his laugh . . ." (p. 174).

And the climax of the first section occurs at the dinner, a

brilliantly dramatic communion-meal where each solitary ego, with its petty aggravations and resentments, is gradually blended with the others into a pattern of completion and harmony.

Personality, then, can be known only in terms of a multiple perspective—" One wanted fifty pairs of eyes to see with. . . . Fifty pairs of eyes were not enough to get round that one woman with " (p. 294)—and section one provides just such a perspective. Including his or her own interior monologues, each character is presented from at least two points of view: Mr. Ramsay is seen chiefly through the eyes of Mrs. Ramsay, young James, Lily, and Mr. Bankes; Mrs. Ramsay through those of Lily, Tansley, and Mr. Bankes; Mr. Bankes himself through those of Lily; Lily herself through those of Mrs. Ramsay; and Tansley through the eyes of Mrs. Ramsay and Lily. It is by this technique of alternation that each is rendered more or less in the round.

Section two deals mainly with the second level—the relation of man to nature—and it does not, as has been frequently supposed, portray merely the ravages of time and tide afflicting the family and their summer home. In addition to the almost complete destruction of the house, we are also shown its equally dramatic renewal. And its focus is on the comic-epic figure of Mrs. McNab, who lurches through the house dusting and wiping, breathing a long dirge of sorrow and trouble, yet who leers, " looking sideways in the glass, as if, after all, she had her consolations, as if indeed there were twined about her dirge some incorrigible hope " (p. 197). It is she and her helpers who fetch up from oblivion all the Waverly novels and who rescue the house from annihilation.

The fortunes of the family undergo several severe setbacks: Mrs. Ramsay dies, Andrew is killed in the war, and Prue dies in childbirth. Yet we are given to understand that Mr. Ramsay's work will endure (the fate of his books was somehow tied up with that of the Waverly novels) and, as the next section proceeds to demonstrate, the family continues to develop and mature. The central section of *To the Lighthouse*, therefore, dramatizes not the victory of natural chaos over human order, but rather the reverse: the forces of destruction are defeated by man's power and will to live.

Section three is concerned chiefly with the third level of our theme—the relation of art to life—and continues in the knowledge of loss as well as the achievement of gain. Its structure is based upon the shuttling back and forth between Lily on the island watching those in the boat get farther away, and those in the boat watching the island in turn get farther away. This is accompanied by the corresponding movements of those in the boat getting closer to the Lighthouse, and of Lily getting closer to the solution of her aethetic problem. And the determining factor in each case is love (the "art" of life), which might perhaps be defined as order or the achievement of form in human relations through the surrender of personality: Lily finishes her painting as she feels the upsurge of that sympathy for Mr. Ramsay which she had previously been stubbornly unable to give, James and Cam surrender their long-cherished antagonism toward their father as they reach the Lighthouse, while Mr. Ramsay himself attains at the same time a resolution of his own tensions and anxieties. The point is not that they have made a one-directional transition from this attitude to that, but rather that, since each is aware simultaneously both of what is receding and of what is approaching, each has received in his way a sense of what I have called the double vision.

## II

The presence of this duality can be further demonstrated by a closer look at the particular imagery of the book—its figures of speech, its scene, and its plot. The Lighthouse itself as the most conspicuous image, to begin with, functions in two ways: as something to be reached, and as the source of a flashing light. The former aspect is to be considered when we discuss plot; the latter suggests that the Lighthouse has a symbolic role of its own to play. In this aspect it appears in two connections: first as it impinges upon the consciousness of Mrs. Ramsay in section one after she has finished reading to James and is sitting quietly alone for a moment, and second as it flashes upon the empty house in section two.

The busy mother of eight children, a woman of grace and ease who delights in social intercourse, and one who visits

the poor as well, she often feels the need " To be silent; to be alone." And as she sits knitting, the relief of abstraction from " All the being and doing " grows upon her; it is in this mood that she muses upon the alternating flashes of the light. It is a mood of detachment, peace, rest, and of triumph over life; she identifies herself with the third stroke—the long steady stroke—which becomes for her an image of purity and truth, of strength and courage, searching and beautiful: her " self having shed its attachments was free for the strangest adventures. When life sank down for a moment, the range of experience seemed limitless. . . . Losing personality, one lost the fret, the hurry, the stir; and there rose to her lips always some exclamation of triumph over life when things came together in this peace, this rest, this eternity; and pausing there she looked out to meet that stroke of the Lighthouse, the long steady stroke, the last of the three, which was her stroke. . . ."

This is the " thesis " of her emotional cycle; the " antithesis " is evoked as her mood soon modulates into one of grim recognition of the inevitable facts of " suffering, death, the poor," and she gradually descends from her state of triumphant abstraction from the fret, the hurry, and the stir, by seizing upon the light from a different perspective, " for when one woke at all, one's relations changed." Looking now at the steady light, it is " the pitiless, the remorseless."

But the cycle is not yet complete until these two moods become synthesized. The second view seems " so much her, yet so little her "; and then her meditations are crowned, in their third phase, by " exquisite happiness, intense happiness," and she cries inwardly, " It is enough! It is enough! " As if, by seeing that long steady flash in two different aspects—first as an image of expansion and release, and then of contraction and confinement—she has received a final intuition of the essential truth of the nature of reality: that one must be both subjectively involved in and objectively detached from life, and that true happiness rests neither in the one sphere nor in the other exclusively, but rather in achieving a harmonious balance—however fragile—between the two. Now she can rest, if but for the moment, content. And to her

husband, who is striding up and down the terrace outside the window behind which she sits, " She was aloof from him now in her beauty, in her sadness " (pp. 94-100).

In the middle section, portraying the death and rebirth of the deserted house, the light makes its second appearance by gliding over the rooms " gently as if it laid its caress and lingered stealthily and looked and came lovingly again." That this is only one side of its doubleness is evidenced by the sentence immediately following: " But in the very lull of this loving caress, as the long stroke leant upon the bed, the rock was rent asunder; another fold of the shawl loosened; there it hung, and swayed " (pp. 199-200). And a few pages on, just preceding the arrival of the forces of renewal in the house, in " that moment, that hesitation when dawn trembles and night pauses " (p. 208), the Lighthouse beam, as an image of expanison and release (life-love-hope) and contraction and confinement (death-destruction-terror) held in relation, " entered the rooms for a moment, sent its sudden stare over bed and wall in the darkness of winter, looked with equanimity at the thistle and the swallow, the rat and the straw " (pp. 207-208).

Finally, it is worth noticing in section three that, as Lily begins her painting a second time (while those in the boat are embarking for the Lighthouse), her brush descends in stroke after stroke: " And so pausing and so flickering, she attained a dancing rhythmical movement, as if the pauses were one part of the rhythm and the strokes another, and all were related." Thus, in echo of the Lighthouse beam itself, her vision begins to emerge from stroke and pause in alternation, and " this truth, this reality, which suddenly laid hands upon her, emerged stark at the back of appearances and commanded her attention " (p. 236).

## III

Having seen that the Lighthouse beam—stroke and pause in alternation—symbolizes quite clearly that the problem of subject and object and the perception of the nature of reality is a matter of opposites held in dialectic relation, we may now

proceed to investigate more closely the specific embodiment of the objective-detachment and subjective-involvement theme in the water imagery which obviously permeates the novel on both the literal and figurative levels as scene and as metaphor. And as this theme and this imagery begin to take root together and grow as one, we shall see a second, more pervasive symbol emerging: the act of immersion as surrender and transition.

The fact is, as we have seen, that whatever his attitude toward life may be, whether objectively detached or subjectively involved, each character must immerse himself in the doubleness of reality by making a transition to the opposite attitude, and that this process in one way or another usually finds its image in water. Taking the three or four chief characters, then, in their apparent order of importance, we can begin with Mrs. Ramsay.

Searching for a picture in the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores for James to cut out, she suddenly becomes aware that the gruff murmur of talk out on the terrace has ceased and that now, coming to the foreground of her consciousness, the waves are falling monotonously on the beach. Stationed as she is in a moment of domestic involvement, this sound at first " beat a measured and soothing tatoo to her thoughts and seemed consolingly to repeat over and over again as she sat with the children the words of some old cradle song, murmured by nature, 'I am guarding you—I am your support'." The passage continues, however, through the dialectic of transition: " but at other times suddenly and unexpectedly, especially when her mind raised itself slightly from the task actually in hand, [it] had no such kindly meaning, but like a ghostly roll of drums remorselessly beat the measure of life, made one think of the destruction of the island and its engulfment in the sea. . . ." And the cycle is complete as this sound is once again accompanied by that of her husband's voice chanting poetry: " She was soothed once more, assured again that all was well, and looking down at the book on her knee found the picture of a pocket knife with six blades which could only be cut out if James was very careful " (pp. 27-29).

As the Lighthouse beam had come to her when she was in

a state of detachment, and had spoken to her of triumph and fulfilment, and then of failure and frustration, thereby annihilating her abstracted bliss and bringing her back down to the sphere of life's fretful involvements, so too the sea—reversing the process—comes to her when she is in a state of involvement, and speaks of consolation and sympathy, and then of terror and remorseless power, thereby annihilating her contented involvement and carrying her up to the sphere of blank and meaningless abstraction. The synthesis which ensues, however, in each case produces a sense of equanimity, peace, and rest. Thus the double vision involves indeed a two-way process: depending upon which direction you are going, whether from subject to object or vice versa, detachment is either joy or fear, involvement either consolation or despair. And, also depending upon the direction, the water imagery becomes now a symbol of the search for human contact and warmth, or of the brute force of the natural cycle, now a symbol of the search for intellectual stability and certitude, or of the bottomless ignorance of the race of men and the profound vanity of their puny knowledge.

Thus, proceeding chronologically through the book, we discover another aspect of the water imagery in connection with Mrs. Ramsay—that of the fountain as a symbol of feminine creativity to which the male must resort in order that his fatal sterility be redeemed. The intellectual husband becomes immersed in the waters of human sympathy and devotion figuratively issuing from the intuitive wife. Emotionally exhausted and depleted, however, by this effort of consolation, she sinks back down into herself, her fountain pulsing feebly, and hearing " dully, ominously, a wave fall," she doubts all that she had said to him (pp. 58-61).

Reading the tale of The Fisheman and his Wife to James, she senses some relation of the story to her concurrent meditations, for the tale " was like the bass gently accompanying a tune, which now and then ran up unexpectedly into the melody " (p. 87). In the fairy tale, the sea becomes increasingly more turbulent each time the poor fisherman arrives to deliver his wife's insatiable demands upon the enchanted fish. How much, after all (Mrs. Ramsay might be thinking), can

one ask of the sea? For if one presses it too far in one direction, forgetting the necessity of giving oneself up in turn to the sea in exchange for its gifts, one will lose everything.

Hearing at dinner of the Mannings, old friends she has not seen or thought of for many years, she broods over the relation of past to present, the stasis of the former being imaged as a placid lake and the flux of the latter as water shooting down into the room in cascades. In so far as we are out of the past, we are detached and the water image is a static one; in so far as we are in the present, we are involved and the image is a dynamic one. A few pages later, however, the present also achieves form—in terms of the harmony of all those at the table—so "that here, inside the room, seemed to be order and dry land; there, outside, a reflection in which things wavered and vanished, waterily" (p. 147). Here it is the human order as dry land which is being opposed to natural flux as water. We shall see below how Lily comes to feel the necessity of deserting the land for the sea.

Finally, as the perfection of this moment becomes in turn a thing of the past, the party disperses and Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay are in the study reading. Thinking of her husband's anxiety over the fragility of his fame, and of her concern over encouraging him, she feels once more a sense of detachment as she knits and watches him read Scott: "It didn't matter, any of it, she thought. A great man, a great book, fame—who could tell?" (p. 177). Then, "dismissing all this, as one passes in diving now a weed, now a straw, now a bubble, she felt again, sinking deeper, . . . There is something I want—something I have come to get, and she fell deeper and deeper without knowing quite what it was, with her eyes closed" (p. 178). Brooding over snatches of poetry, she picks up a volume and reads of love lasting and time passing: "her mind felt swept, felt clean. And then there it was, suddenly entire; she held it in her hands, beautiful and reasonable, clear and complete, the essence sucked out of life and held rounded here—the sonnet" (p. 181: Shakespeare's no. 98). Once again the emotional cycle is complete, and she has reached a point of stability (the aftermath of the meal) by alternating from involvement (her anxious preparations for the meal) to detach-

ment (the consummation of the meal and the resultant separation from natural flux), the transition being imaged as an immersion in water.

## IV

Mr. Ramsay's uncompromising honesty and unflinching courage in the face of the perennial mystery of life and the tragic incapacity of the human mind is imaged as a stake driven into the sea to guide the frail barks which founder out there in the darkness: "It was his fate, his peculiarity, whether he wished it or not, to come out thus on a spit of land which the sea is slowly eating away, and there to stand, like a desolate sea-bird, alone" (pp. 11, 68). His masculine detachment from the commonplace—he doesn't notice little things, the shape of a flower, the texture of a sunset—is here a positive act, a gesture of defense against the tides of time and ignorance. Yet, as we have seen, this standpoint becomes ultimately sterile without a periodic immersion in the feminine waters of life. Or, to take it the other way round, his withdrawal from the life around him into his abstracted solitude finds *its* image also in immersion: "and then, as if he had her leave for it, with a movement which oddly reminded his wife of the great sea lion at the Zoo tumbling backwards after swallowing his fish and walloping off so that the water in the tank washes from side to side, he dived into the evening air" (p. 52).

Or again, his children and his domestic attachments (which somehow signify to Mr. Bankes a betrayal of their friendship), rather than his philosophical solitude, seem to provide the buttress against the floods: "That was a good bit of work on the whole—his eight children. They showed he did not damn the poor little universe entirely, for on an evening like this, he thought, looking at the land dwindling away, the little island seemed pathetically small, half swallowed up by the sea" (p. 106). He needs both the sense of involvement and of detachment, and the water imagery functions now in one direction, now in the other. His demand for the sympathy of women, we may notice, *pours* and *spreads* itself in *pools* at their feet, and Lily Briscoe, resenting him, draws her skirts a little closer around her ankles for fear of becoming wet—of becoming involved (p. 228).

And lastly, as if he has reached a more complex state of mind than hitherto, Mr. Ramsay thinks to himself, as the boat nears the Lighthouse and while he and Macalister are discussing the local shipwrecks and drownings: "But why make a fuss about that? Naturally men are drowned in a storm, but it is a perfectly straightforward affair, and the depths of the sea (he sprinkled the crumbs from his sandwich paper over them) are only water after all" (p. 306). Having cast his bread upon the waters and surrendered to the "destructive element," his anxieties as to his fame and his courage in the face of the inevitable dissolution of human endeavors are resolved in one final symbolic gesture. *Cast your bread upon the waters: for you shall find it after many days. He that observes the wind shall not sow; and he that regards the clouds shall not reap. In the morning sow your seed, and in the evening withhold not your hand: for you know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good* (Eccl. 11: 1, 4, 6).

## V

For Lily, likewise, the water imagery functions in its double capacity as destroyer and preserver. She and Mr. Bankes stroll down to the shore, drawn regularly by some need. "It was as if the water floated off and set sailing thoughts which had grown stagnant on dry land, and gave to their bodies even some sort of physical relief." And they both feel a common hilarity, a sort of exhilaration at the sight. But characteristically, the mood turns, "and instead of merriment [they] felt come over them some sadness—because the thing was completed partly, and partly because distant views seem to outlast by a million years (Lily thought) the gazer and to be communing already with a sky which beholds an earth entirely at rest" (pp. 33-34).

To Lily, the old-maid painter, the great mystery is love: "Love had a thousand shapes. There might be lovers [i. e., artists] whose gift it was to choose out the elements of things and place them together and so, giving them a wholeness not theirs in life, make of some scene, or meeting of people (all now gone and separate), one of those globed compacted things

over which thought lingers, and love plays" (p. 286). But the lover in art cannot help being fascinated by the artists of life who *do* achieve a wholeness in their lives; so Lily, vicariously seeing the world through the eyes of human love—the love of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay—feels "how life, from being made up of little separate incidents which one lived one by one, became curled and whole like a wave which bore one up with it and threw one down with it, there, with a dash on the beach" (p. 73).

She resented Mrs. Ramsay's judgment that an unmarried woman has missed the best of life, and "she would urge her own exemption from the universal law; plead for it; she liked to be alone; she liked to be herself; she was not made for that" (p. 77). Yet the love of Paul and Minta is keenly felt as a contrast to her own barren state: "How inconspicuous she felt herself by Paul's side! He, glowing, burning; she, aloof, satirical: he, bound for adventure; she moored to shore; he, launched, incautious; she, solitary, left out" (p. 153). So, coming back on that evening ten years later, Lily goes to sleep lulled by the sound of the sea, for "Messages of peace breathed from the sea to the shore." And she feels, "why not accept this, be content with this, acquiesce and resign?" (pp. 213-214).

But the next morning she stubbornly sets up her canvas and starts to paint. Like Mr. Ramsay, the philosopher confronting the mystery of nature, she too, the artist confronting life, is imaged as a figure isolated and facing the sea of mystery and chaos alone: "Out and out one went, further and further, until at last one seemed to be on a narrow plank, perfectly alone, over the sea" (p. 256). But as she gives herself up to her art, as Mrs. Ramsay did to her husband, she loses consciousness of outer things, "her name and her personality and her appearance," and her mind throws up from its depths images, memories, ideas, "like a fountain spurting over that glaring, hideously difficult white space, while she modelled it with greens and blues" (p. 238). While her ego is held in abeyance, the creative waters of life, welling up within her, help to shape her picture.

She thinks of Mrs. Ramsay, who died in the interval between

the two visits, and she remembers Mrs. Ramsay's mania for marriage. Suddenly she recalls Paul and Minta, whose marriage has not worked out well after all, and thinks of the glow which love had caused to shine from their faces: "It rose like a fire sent up in token of some celebration by savages on a distant beach. She heard the roar and the crackle. The whole sea for miles round ran red and gold." She feels a headlong desire to fling herself down into this sea and be drowned. But the mood shifts, "And the roar and crackle repelled her with fear and disgust, as if while she saw its splendour and power she saw too how it fed on the treasure of the house, greedily, disgustingly, and she loathed it" (p. 261).

The cycle, however, has yet to be completed. She continues her meditation while painting, and thinks again of Mrs. Ramsay. She sees something stir in the window where Mrs. Ramsay used to sit, and has a poignant sense of her living presence there beside her. Her tears well up in an anguish of love and grief, and she cries alound, "Mrs. Ramsay! Mrs. Ramsay!" Called out of her reverie by the unexpected sound of her own voice, she looks around embarrassed. "She had not obviously taken leave of her senses. No one had seen her step off her strip of board into the waters of annihilation. She remained a skimpy old maid, holding a paintbrush" (pp. 268-269). But she has taken the plunge.

Some further light is cast upon the key phrase—"the waters of annihilation"—in this passage by its recurrence in another work by Mrs. Woolf which will perhaps help to clinch our definition of the symbolic function of the water imagery in *To the Lighthouse*. That work is a little book of less than thirty pages, which appeared just three years after *To the Lighthouse*, entitled *On Being Ill*,[7] wherein she speaks of how "tremendous" is "the spiritual change" which illness effects: "how astonishing, when the lights of health go down, the undiscovered countries that are then disclosed, . . . how we go

[7] Printed and published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, 1930, p. 9. Grateful thanks are due to my colleague, Mr. Edward W. Manchester, for the loan of this valuable book, one of a limited edition of 250 copies signed by the author who also set the type.

down into the pit of death and feel the waters of annihilation close above our heads and wake thinking to find ourselves in the presence of the angels and the harpers. . . ." Clearly here the act of immersion is a symbol of rebirth, or, as we have styled it, of *transition* from one state to another—in the novel under examination, of transition from the single view, whether it be that of objective detachment or subjective involvement, to the double vision which apprehends the nature of reality simultaneously from both points of view.

## VI

It now remains to tie our strands together by analyzing the significance of the alternating points of view around which the final section of the novel is built. As we have seen, its structure is determined by the double vision of Lily on the island watching the boat approach the Lighthouse while she finishes her painting, and of those in the boat watching the island recede from view while they near the completion of their trip. "So much depends then, thought Lily Briscoe, looking at the sea which had scarcely a stain on it, . . . upon distance: whether people are near us or far from us; for her feeling for Mr. Ramsay changed as he sailed further and further across the bay" (p. 284).

Similarly James, in the boat, thinks, as they get closer to their destination, of his childhood and of the time he had hated his father for saying they would not be able to go to the Lighthouse next morning:

> The Lighthouse was then a silvery, misty-looking tower with a yellow eye, that opened suddenly, and softly in the evening. Now—
>
> James looked at the Lighthouse. He could see the white-washed rocks; the tower, stark and straight; he could see that it was barred with black and white; he could see windows in it; he could even see washing spread on the rocks to dry. So that was the Lighthouse, was it?
>
> No, the other was also the Lighthouse. For nothing was simply one thing. The other Lighthouse was true too (pp. 276-277).

Dramatically, there is a double tension to be resolved here, each aspect somehow centered around the gaunt figure of Mr. Ramsay. First there is in Lily a curious feeling of frustra-

tion due to her longstanding inability to give Mr. Ramsay the feminine sympathy he craves—probably because this would entail performing a more sexual role than she will allow in her desire to keep her artist-spinsterhood intact—and this is somehow tied up with the trip to the Lighthouse and the completion of her painting. As the third section proceeds, "She felt curiously divided, as if one part of her were drawn out there—it was a still day, hazy; the Lighthouse looked this morning at an immense distance; the other fixed itself doggedly, solidly, here on the lawn" (pp. 233-234). She is seeking that "razor-edge of balance between two opposite forces; Mr. Ramsay and the picture; which was necessary" (p. 287).

So too James, in league with Cam, is stubbornly trying to keep a firm hold on his long-standing resentment against his father, to resist tyranny to the death. But "Cam looked down into the foam, into the sea with all its treasure in it, and its speed hypnotized her, and the tie between her and James sagged a little. It slackened a little" (p. 246).

Back on the island, Lily continues her painting, raising in her mind the question of artistic detachment from the common sympathies of life and the consequent lack of emotional stability which has been haunting her all along: "No guide, no shelter, but all was miracle, and leaping from the pinnacle of a tower in the air? Could it be, even for elderly people, that this was life?—startling, unexpected, unknown?" (p. 286). As James's childhood resentment against his father prevents him from yielding to his father's emotional demands, thereby standing in the way of the son's identification with the father and consequently blocking his normal growth toward maturity, so too Lily's aloofness from life's routine involvements prevents her from yielding to Mr. Ramsay's demand for feminine sympathy, thereby standing in the way of her acceptance of her sexual role and consequently blocking her achievement of artistic maturity.

Meanwhile James, who has been steering the boat, nursing his resentment, is praised for his navigational skill by his father just as they reach their goal. "There! Cam thought, addressing herself silently to James. You've got it at last. For she knew that this was what James had been wanting, and she

knew that now he had got it he was so pleased that he would not look at her or at his father or any one." Mr. Ramsay sits expectantly, waiting to disembark: "What do you want? they both wanted to ask. They both wanted to say, Ask us anything and we will give it to you" (pp. 306-308).

Similarly Lily, as a result of the parallel course run by her emotional cycle, the progress of her painting, and her awareness of Mr. Ramsay in the boat reaching the Lighthouse, feels her tension resolving at the same time:

> "He must have reached it," said Lily Briscoe aloud, feeling suddenly completely tired out. For the Lighthouse had become almost invisible, had melted away into a blue haze, and the effort of looking at it and the effort of thinking of him landing there, which both seemed to be one and the same effort, had stretched her body and mind to the utmost. Ah, but she was relieved. Whatever she had wanted to give him, when he left her that morning, she had given him at last.
>
> "He has landed," she said aloud. "It is finished."

Mr. Carmichael stood beside her, the aging poet "looking like an old pagan god, shaggy, with weeds in his hair and the trident (it was only a French novel) in his hand," and repeated: "They will have landed." She feels that this is a moment of communion—one to match, we might add, the similar moment which occurred during the meal in section one—and she thinks: "He stood there as if he were spreading his hands over all the weakness and suffering of mankind; she thought he was surveying, tolerantly and compassionately, their final destiny. Now he has crowned the occasion, she thought. . . ." And, under the spell of this benediction, "Quickly, as if she were recalled by something over there, she turned to her canvas. There it was—her picture" (pp. 308-309).

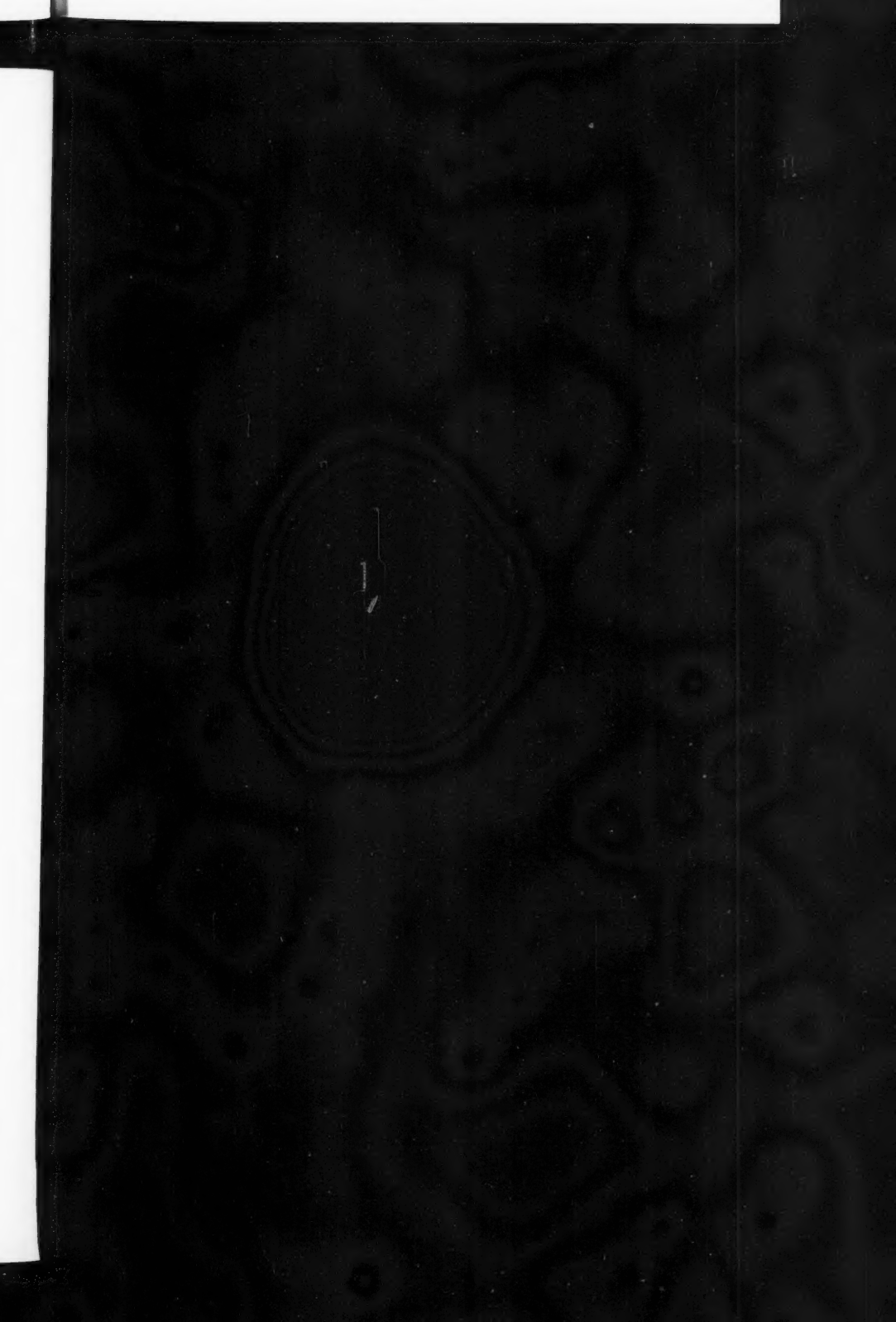
James has come into manhood by identifying himself with his father's attitude of grim and solitary acceptance of the uncompromising reality: "So it was like that, James thought, the Lighthouse one had seen across the bay all these years; it was a stark tower on a bare rock. It satisfied him. It confirmed some obscure feeling of his about his own character. . . . He looked at his father reading fiercely with his legs curled tight. They shared that knowledge. 'We are driving before

a gale—we must sink,' he began saying to himself, half aloud, exactly as his father said it" (pp. 301-302).

Finally, Lily has come to see the need of holding art and life in relation by means of the double vision: "One wanted, she thought, dipping her brush deliberately, to be on a level with ordinary experience, to feel simply that's a chair, that's a table, and yet at the same time, "It's a miracle, it's an ecstasy" (pp. 299-300). And this complex perspective, we recall, was gained by both James and Lily, as well as Mr. Ramsay, by means of a yielding—whether literal or figurative—to the watery element of transition.[8]

*University of Connecticut*

[8] After this essay was completed, I read Erich Aurbach's treatment of this novel in *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, Willard R. Trask, Trans. (Princeton, 1953), Ch. 20, and wish now to make reference to it here.



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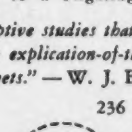

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